

The Enterprise.

VOL. 7.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

NO. 2.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:56 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
SOUTH.
6:42 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:18, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 12:30 P. M.
8:31 P. M., 8:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:38, 4:50, 5:06, 5:21 and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:21, 10:38, 11:22.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North..... 7:05 12:30
" South..... 4:15

MAIL CLOSURES.

North..... 8:50 12:30
South..... 6:30 4:29
K. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck..... Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain..... Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
P. M. Granger..... Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock..... Redwood City
ASSASSIN
O. D. Hayward..... Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson..... Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield..... Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker..... Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton..... Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe..... Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert..... Redwood City

SWINE NOTES.

Keep the pigs clean as possible. Growing pigs need plenty of exercise. A breeding boar should not be kept fat. Don't forget to feed your swine at regular hours. Heavy hogs do not sell as well as those of medium weight. Individual merit is as essential as pedigree in a breeding boar. With growing pigs more grass and clover means better health and growth. It is the hog that is kept growing without being glutted or cloyed that pays best. The pigs to be castrated should be attended to as soon as they are old enough to handle. Sows that are expected to farrow a fall litter of pigs should not be allowed to get poor. The proper time of production is to maintain good health with early maturity. In growing good pork the degree of cleanliness governs the quality of the product. An important item in making cheap pork is to get them to market as soon as possible.

Coinage of the Month.

Washington.—The monthly coinage statement of the coinage executed at the mints of the United States shows that for the month of October, 1901, the total coinage was \$8,728,868, as follows: Gold, \$5,570,000; silver, \$2,791,488; minor coins, \$137,380.

Fire Destroys a Courthouse.

Livingston, Ala.—Fire which broke out in the store of W. S. Gully destroyed the county courthouse and eight stores. The loss is \$100,000.

TWO MILLIONS ILLITERATE

One-Tenth of the Adult Males of This Country Cannot Read or Write.

STATISTICS FROM CENSUS REPORTS

United States Contains Over Sixteen Millions of Men of Military Age—Youngsters of School Age Number Twenty-Six Millions.

Washington.—The census report on school, military and voting ages for all States and Territories shows the following summary for the country at a whole:

Persons of school age, 5 to 20 years, 26,110,788, of whom 24,897,130 are native born, 22,490,211 are white, and 13,806,160 are males; males of military age, 16,360,363, of whom 13,132,780 are native born, and 14,495,396 are white; males of voting age, 21,329,819, of whom 16,227,285 are native born and 19,036,143 are white.

Of the total number of males, 21 years of age and over, 2,326,255 are illiterate. Of the 16,227,285 native born males, 21 years of age and over, 1,706,293 are illiterate, and of the 5,102,534 foreign born, 620,002 are illiterate. Native white males of voting age who are of foreign parentage show a relative increase in their proportion since 1890, while the colored males of voting age have increased throughout the Northern and western sections, with a few exceptions like California, where there has been a large decrease in the Chinese population.

In many Southern States, especially Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Louisiana, the colored element of voting age shows a decreased proportion. Foreign white males of voting age show an increased proportion in all New England States, except Vermont. There has been a relative decrease in all of the remaining States and Territories, except New Jersey. A little over 28 per cent. of the entire alien population of the country is illiterate. This is notably so in Louisiana, where they constitute nearly one-half of the aliens.

The statistics show that the average number of persons to each potential voter ranges from 3.1 to 3.5 in North Atlantic States; 3.4 to 3.6 in the North Central States; 4 to 4.4 persons to each potential voter in the South Central States; from 3.3 to 4.7 in the South Atlantic States; from 2.4 to 4.1 in the Western States, and 1.7 to 1.9 in Alaska and Hawaii.

BRADSTREET'S SUMMARY OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Volume of Trade Too Great for the Railroads to Move Goods.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: The complaints of the car shortages are repeated this week in even greater degree. At best, however, this is only a negatively unfavorable circumstance, and is the best of proof that an enormous volume of business is doing throughout the country. Unseasonable warm weather is complained of as interfering with or checking the retail distribution of clothing, shoes and other fall and winter goods, and dulling the usual reasserting demand from jobbers east and west. The holding off of killing frosts at the South (it is now one week behind the average date) has benefited the crop prospects, but, coupled with the immediate receipts, has induced a raising of estimates and lowered prices three-eighths of a cent for the week.

Wheat has felt the influence of the heavy movement of grain at the Northwest, heavy increases in visible supply in Manitoba and rather less critical advances from Argentina. In addition the stories of dullness and depression in the export business have affected trade, though it is to be noted that wheat and corn shipments together since July 1st are heavier than a year ago. To smaller export shipments of cotton, of iron and steel and to an over-supply of new tonnage is probably due the depression in ocean freights prevalent for months past. Hog products are lower, it is claimed, because of packers manipulating the hog market, but the recent high prices seem to have checked consumption. Among the staples advancing corn is prominent, although held down slightly by wheat. A large short interest is said to exist

in that grain, and wet weather and good buying have stimulated prices of that product and oats.

The woolen goods situation is in good shape, and the manufacturers have bought freely, sales at Boston alone amounting to 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds.

No particular change in iron and steel is noted, though the tendency to raise prices is stronger, prompt shipments in some cases being 10 cents per ton premium. Talk of advancing steel rails \$1 to \$2 per ton for next year's delivery is also heard. Steel billets are scarce at Pittsburgh, and prompt deliveries bring \$27 to \$28. In unfinished products, bar iron, sheets, plates and structural material are in unprecedented demand at Chicago. A phenomenal demand for structural material is noted at Pittsburgh. Copper maintains its former strength, an agreement to restrict production being reported among the great interests.

Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregate 6,672,868 bushels, as against 4,952,134 bushels last week and 8,612,421 bushels in this week last year. Wheat exports July 1st to date (seventeen weeks) aggregate 106,729,273 bushels, as against 62,80,290 bushels last season.

Failures in the United States for the week number 172 as against 223 last week, 165 in the week a year ago, 174 in 1899 and 183 in 1898. Canadian failures for the week number 17, against 16 last week and in this week a year ago, 21 in 1899, 31 in 1898 and 34 in 1897.

RIDDING CITY OF VAGRANTS.

Six Months in Loathsome Cells With an Alternative.

Oakland.—Police Judge Smith has undertaken to rid the city of such vagrants and cigar-store "statues" as are brought before him and convicted of vagrancy. Sentences of six months' imprisonment in the dark and loathsome cells of the City Prison are imposed, with a suspension of sentence if the subject will leave the city and remain away six months. A term of six months in the City Prison of Oakland is regarded by most tramps and vagrants as about equal to a couple of years at San Quentin; hence the alternative of going to some other locality is readily embraced. Last week a common beggar was drummed out of town upon his agreement to remain away six months, and John Donnelly, a well-known vagrant who has annoyed women and girls on the public streets by impudently ogling them as they passed, was permitted to leave the city on his promise to not again show his face in Oakland prior to May 1, 1902, on pain of serving six months in the City Prison. Donnelly hurried his departure.

YANKEE ENGINES IN BRITAIN.

Twenty Passenger Locomotives for the Northeastern Line.

Chicago.—The American railway locomotive has just won another substantial victory. An order was telegraphed to one of the big manufacturing companies for twenty passenger engines to be used on the Northeastern railway of England. The order was given by William Wordsell, general superintendent of the company, just prior to his leaving Chicago on the Pennsylvania limited. Mr. Wordsell was one of a party of English railway officials that are making a tour of the East and Middle West for the purpose of inspecting the terminals and facilities of the great American systems of railways.

Mr. Wordsell's order makes it patent that he has become convinced that the American locomotive is a superior article to the British engine. Thus far no locomotive of American manufacture has been used on the Northeastern road, but it is Mr. Wordsell's purpose to supplant all of his present power with locomotives manufactured in this country. The locomotives ordered by Mr. Wordsell will cost about \$320,000. They are the same type as those that draw the Pennsylvania limited.

AN END TO HIS TROUBLES.

Los Angeles Man Commits Suicide After Long Battle With Disease.

Los Angeles.—E. D. Reed committed suicide in his room at a local lodging-house here by taking poison. He left a note saying he had long fought with disease, disappointment and loneliness and must have rest. Reed was 30 years of age and had been a singer of some note. He lost his voice, however, and turned his attention to literary pursuits, and had recently done work as a book reviewer and as copy reader on a local paper. He came here from Cleveland, O.

BUFFALO FAIR CLOSES GATES

Four Million Dollars the Loss Sustained by the Exposition Managers.

CLOSING HOURS MARKED BY RIOTING

Crowds Make a Raid on the Fruit and Wine Exhibits—Most of the Concessionaries Suffered Financially During the Exhibition.

Buffalo (N. Y.).—Standing at Triumphant bridge at midnight Saturday, John G. Milburn pressed the electric button which extinguished the lights at the Pan-American Exposition. Around Milburn were the man and women who, as managers, investors and employees, had worked for the success of the fair, only to result in a loss of over \$4,000,000. The total attendance was 8,179,647, which included passes. How far this fell below the expectations of the exposition promoters may be judged from the fact that the exposition paid a premium on a blanket accident policy on 16,000,000 paid admissions for the season. Many wagers were made that the attendance would exceed 16,000,000, and others that it would exceed 25,000,000 and 30,000,000.

The stockholders will lose all they invested, but no complaint has been heard from the holders of common stock, who appreciate the benefit the exposition has been to the city. There is also a feeling of satisfaction that the enterprise was carried to a successful end without State or Federal aid. The first mortgage bonds, amounting to \$2,500,000, will be paid in full. An issue of \$500,000 second mortgage bonds is unprovided for, but the revenue from salvage and buildings and from other sources will probably cover a part of this indebtedness. The remainder due to contractors is not definitely known, but it is said that it represents their profits for the work done, and no one will be severely embarrassed by the loss.

Concession holders lost money, with two or three exceptions, and several were ruined. A notable money-maker was the cyclorama of the Johnstown flood, despised and scorned by investors, which closed the season \$100,000 to the good.

STARVED TO DEATH IN AN ASYLUM.

Patients at Chicago Are the Victims of Nurses' Hatred.

Chicago.—Early last September two insane women inmates of the asylum at Dunning died. For two months before their death they had been wasting away physically and growing daily weaker, one of them without apparent disease. The death certificates now on file in the Dunning records give scurvy as the cause of death of one and inanition of the other.

Mrs. Kate Green and Miss May Shea, two nurses, are charged with neglecting and underfeeding these two patients, and with other ill-treatment which preceded their death. It is a tale of refined cruelty, of slow death by starvation, with the wards of the county as victims.

It is claimed that Mrs. Green and Miss Shea deliberately withheld food from the two patients, fed them sometimes nothing at all, and for weeks nothing more than bread and tea, and neglected to give them medicines and special nourishment ordered for them. The motive to be assigned in the charges is that the patients were especially offensive and objectionable to the attendants, and by making them weak and sick through lack of food these attendants hoped to have them transferred to a ward for the sick and get rid of the duty of caring for them.

Tried to Wreck a Train.

Oakland.—Ed M. Tebets of this city, aged 15 years, and Elmer Hart of Madera, aged 16 years, were arrested at Madera by Railroad Detective Maloney of Newman on charges of having attempted to wreck a train at Wesley. The boys were stealing a ride on the Owl train Saturday, when they were put off. After they were arrested they confessed that in a spirit of revenge they had piled some rocks, coupling pins and other material on the track to wreck the first train that came along.

TOPICS OF MOMENT TO AGRICULTURISTS

Experiences of Successful Farmers Succinctly Told for the Benefit of Ambitious Tillers of the Soil.

DECLINE OF THE OLIVE INDUSTRY.

So many men have been bankrupted in the olive business during the last dozen years that it would seem unnecessary to be continually reminding owners of the land that most of the olive booming indulged in from time to time is highly colored and always misleading, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times. There are now hundreds of olive groves in Southern California abandoned and left to breed scale and offend the landscape. Every week the horticultural commissions of the southern counties receive written complaints of these nuisances, and every week sees the law invoked for their abatement. New orders have been sent out this week to Pomona and San Dimas ordering the destruction of these sources of infection, and nothing should be written to encourage new investors to plant or old investors to continue their lands in this profitless fruit. Think of trying to rejuvenate the olive business with the black smut and scurf overlaying the fruit and necessarily being expressed with the oil that it contains.

It may be urged that this does not apply to the well-kept olive grove. It does not. Neither does the admonition the candid journals are compelled to make apply to the business as conducted at San Fernando, or other localities where the prospects for profit are fair, but unrealized. The olive men in these favorable localities will line up and redeem the business if it can be done. But they should not be handicapped by a continuation of the old, useless groves or the establishment of new ones. It is the only fruit business in Southern California that was ever established solely by promoters. Every citizen of the State should advocate and use the product of the olive—and they all do, one or the other. But what the letter complains of is such expressions as these in the late article referred to: "A great product of Southern California is destined to be the growth of the olive. It is hard to exaggerate the importance of its culture. Nothing could be more encouraging than the experience of the olive growers." Ask Mitchell, Wright, Howland and dozens of others at Pomona; the owners of 30,000 foothill acres now abandoned or destroyed in this county, and let the answers be set forth candidly. The result of the inquiries would encourage those who propose to remain in the business to win. It would discourage subsequent losses by new farmers and a continuation of the scaly olive outfits that haunt the citrus-fruit growers wherever the black scale abounds.

STRANGLING AN INDUSTRY.

After visiting the sugar-beet fields of Los Angeles, Ventura, Orange and San Bernardino counties and noting the extent in which the farmers are engaged in beet culture, one is in condition to appreciate the danger that lies in the following sophistry, sent to perhaps every editor in the United States by the Havemeyer sugar trust:

"The total consumption of sugar in the United States last year was 2,219,847 tons, and based on the average increase of 6.24 per cent. during the past nineteen years, the consumption this year should be 2,360,585 tons. Of this quantity 1,000,000 tons in round figures will come from American sources, say Louisiana being able to produce 350,000 tons, United States beet factories 150,000, Hawaii 350,000 and Porto Rico 150,000, all being free of duty, leaving 1,360,585 tons to come from other sources, and on which duty is paid. The average duty assessed is \$36 per ton, or a total of \$49,981,060. The price of all the sugar consumed, however, being enhanced to the extent of the duty of \$36 per ton, or a total of \$84,981,060, it is evident that \$36,000,000 additional is paid by the people in order to provide the government with \$49,000,000 for revenue, of which the government is not now in need. If the duty is taken off Cuba sugar, the benefit of \$85,000,000 goes to the people."

There is only one thing wrong with the quotation—and that is the conclusion. "The benefit of \$85,000,000 goes to the people" is about the richest statement that has been put out in behalf of free trade in Cuban sugar. The trust could and no doubt would slide up the prices \$36 per ton at one sitting, and thus appropriate all the benefits that the reciprocity treaty intended for

the people. The present tariff on Cuban sugar is 86 per cent. ad valorem, or about 1.68 cents per pound. This tariff will build canals, harbors, and war vessels. An advance upon sugar when the trust has beaten the beet producers will build nothing but increased fortunes for Mr. Havemeyer and his associates, who now own the Cuban sugar crop. Cane growers of Florida, Georgia and Louisiana and the beet growers in sixteen States will appreciate the humor of the trust circular just issued to fool the American people.—Los Angeles Times.

IRRIGATION IN MONTANA.

What seems to be a good beginning in the solution of the great arid-lands problem has been made by the State of Montana. The State Arid Land Grant Commission, which was created by the Legislature with power to reclaim the lands donated to the State by the General Government under the Carey Act, celebrated the opening of the great canal system in district No. 4. The canal, intended to irrigate 33,000 acres of the Carey land, was opened and water sent on its mission of making homes for the small farmers. Eleven thousand acres are now ready for settlement. The land lies in small valleys surrounded by low-lying hills that supply rich grass for stock. The State is building the canal system, and will own and operate it in perpetuity for the sole benefit of the occupants of the land and without profit to any one, making the enterprise entirely co-operative in nature.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store SELLS

in San Mateo County that
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. || ||
Wood and Coal. || || ||

Cumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

It is estimated that the steel strike cost \$25,000,000. It wasn't worth it.

It isn't the right to criticize but the right to blackguard that some people are afraid of losing.

Again the people are asking why the anarchists don't leave this country, if they don't like it, and go back where they came from.

The intimation that Alfred Austin is popular as a poet because he seldom writes is a matter of deep significance. People do not want to read "poetry" unless it is real.

Whenever they go out to arrest Herr Most they find him under a bed or in a beer saloon. The Herr is the leader of those who are proud to call themselves "scientific anarchists."

It is well to be reminded of the fact that an attempt once was made upon the life of President Andrew Jackson. Political assassination is not a crime confined to this particular age.

Corbett says he has "lived at a fast clip" and has no money left. Well, the railroads and the lumber men, the farmers and a lot of other people are looking for good strong men. Mr. Corbett need not suffer the pangs of extreme want.

This country will be whatever the boys now growing up shall make it, and they should be so educated as to create in their minds a horror of disorder and violence and a love of peace, justice between man and man, good citizenship and the fear of God.

Civilized people will be shocked at the advice of an English physician to a wealthy patient to live like a savage to be cured. Savages, it may be recalled, do not belong to clubs, have no stock exchanges, know nothing of trust and trade combinations, run no political campaigns and so reserve some vitality and nerve force for purely living purposes.

The day of small nationalities has about come to an end. While Great Britain has been conquering and colonizing in every quarter of the globe, united Germany and united Italy are realities of recent development, and a process of national aggrandizement and consolidation is at work everywhere, and, sooner or later, the great powers of the world will be fighting for the mastery, while the small nationalities will be wiped out.

We need but look at our own American history, past and present, for proof that human nature is not awed by unusual and fiendish penalties. The witch-burnings in Salem created more witches. The penalty of death upon those who aided in the escape of slaves, and in some States upon those who taught blacks to read, prevented neither the one action nor the other. The ordinary lynchings, having failed to terrorize the negroes in the South, burnings have now been resorted to, but the assaults upon white women go on none the less.

The truth is that "stamping out anarchy" is one of those things which are easier said than done. The only effective way of doing it is to raise a generation of people none of whom believe in anarchy. There is no warrant or excuse for anarchy of this type in the United States. We must do everything that is possible to discourage its existence and to prevent its spread. But it is hard to see how we can go much further than to enforce the spirit of existing laws. We are dealing with evil traits of human nature, which are not to be eliminated from the race instantaneously.

When an era of competition has resulted in an excessive investment in fixed capital, much of which is of low competitive power, little can be gained by a mere combination of plants and an effort to pay dividends on the whole volume of stock. If prices are kept high enough to pay such dividends, the inevitable result is fresh competition from the outside. If dividends are paid without proper provision for betterments, the result is disaster. If no dividends are paid, there is dissatisfaction. The remedy in either case is found in reorganization, which means the elimination of fictitious values.

The first annual report of Governor Charles H. Allen, of Porto Rico, gives a clear idea of the nature of the task the Americans have before them in bringing the island of Porto Rico up to modern ideas of civilization. Sanitation, as we understand it, is unknown in Porto Rico. Filth is everywhere. There are no sewers. Cesspools open into kitchens and bakeries. The water supply is commonly contaminated and the masses sleep in close rooms, despite the hot weather and bad odors. Cisterns are polluted by filth accumulated on the flat roofs and wells are almost universally close to the cesspools. The waterworks of San Juan and Ponce are in bad condition and the water supply is positively dangerous. Garbage disposal has never received attention. Cemeteries are crowded and skulls lie in piles on the surface. Foodstuffs, wines and milk are extensively adulterated. However, the same energy that has cleansed Cuba has begun on Porto Rico, and the Porto Ricans will have to

learn to be clean in spite of centuries of indolence and filth.

The achievements of Peary, the explorer, didn't make much noise in the world, because the news came at a time when the country was in suspense as to the fate of the President. The eyes of the nation were turned to Buffalo, and other things didn't matter much. Peary hasn't found the pole. This crippled-up, frost-bitten, daring and dogged explorer sends back word from the frozen north that he will try again. In a year's work Peary rounded the northern end of the Greenland archipelago, the most northerly known land in the world, and made it possible to prepare a fairly accurate map of the Greenland coast. He struck out across the sea ice for the pole, but was stopped by broken ice and open water at about 85 degrees north—the highest altitude yet reached in the western hemisphere. There are a good many people who believe that all the pole hunters are stark, staring mad, and that the whole arctic exploration business is rank folly. It is a pretty good thing to learn all that is possible about this big world that belongs to mankind, and the debt that humanity owes to explorers is so great that it can never be settled. The men who reach the pole may not discover gold mines or precious stones, or anything that can be turned into money. Most of them are fighting ice and disease and starvation in the awful north because of the restless energy that is in them, and not because there is hope of financial reward. They are working for the glory of the whole civilized world and to satisfy human ambition that is wrestling secrets from Nature one by one. Let us hope that Peary finds the pole, because he is impelled by a noble ambition to increase the sum of human knowledge and because he is an American.

The question of discipline has come up at Waukegan, Ill. It is about the infliction of corporal punishment in the public schools. Under an old rule of the board, the use of the rod was allowed in the case of "bad boys," but the rule had become a dead letter. Recently there was an aggravated case, which attracted unusual public attention, and this aroused discussion of the form of punishment that should be applied to pupils on whom moral suasion and kindness had no effect, and who continued to defy their teachers. To dismiss them manifestly was not to the point, and so the school board again adopted an order that teachers should use the rod in their discretion. But the public had already taken so much interest in the case that sentiment became divided, some citizens declaring that if the rule is followed with their children they will in turn whip the teachers—a thing that suggests possibly that if they had had a little more whipping in their own school days, they might probably have been better citizens. There is very good authority for the saying that to spare the rod means to spoil the child, says the Indianapolis News. Whether discipline take this form or not, or whether it must inevitably in some cases be reduced to this form, there is no question that discipline must be maintained. Some teachers are not fit to be entrusted with the power of chastising children, for they will abuse that power; they have not to begin with the right kind of government over themselves. Others can be trusted, still others will be able to maintain order without whipping. There is much also to be taken into account as to the pupils. Some might be punished with profit, others might be made worse by it. It is, indeed, a most difficult question, but certainly there should be an agreement on one thing, and that is that discipline must be maintained not merely for the sake of the schools, but for the pupils. Without discipline, however enforced, children will surely grow up in lawless condition. They will have in them essentially that element of defiance that is the basis of lawbreaking in after life. The judges of our criminal courts and of higher courts both East and West in recent years have been singularly unanimous in the belief that whipping should be a form of punishment for juvenile offenses. Their long experience on the bench has taught them that incorrigible boys, those who have passed the happy moment when the sense of discipline may be inculcated in them, have reached the stage when nothing will arouse that sense like corporal punishment; that fines and imprisonment and reform schools alike are weak and frequently not to be compared with the prompt administration of corporal punishment. The question is a deep one. It is something more than the mere humiliation or large appearance of authority which many seem to think are the chief features of the act. The essential thing is that where there is a case of "bad boy" on whom all moral suasion is powerless, there is a sure sign that the turning point has been reached and that the spirit must be conquered and taught that discipline must be accepted.

The Change in the Tenderfoot.
"This is a remarkably healthy climate, they say," said the Easterner.
"You're right then," said Arizona Al.
"For instance, not long ago a tenderfoot with a weak chest and a pale face dropped into the 'Miner's Delight,' called me a liar and o' course I had to clean up. 'Bout two months after a big sunburnt cowboy stopped me on the street, wiped the earth up with me and slammed me up in a tree to recuperate. Same feller. Best climate in the world, pard.'—Indianapolis Sun.

The Chief Reason Most Men Want to go to heaven when they die is that they know it will surprise their wife's relatives to see them there.



It is estimated that the knocking out of the law compelling contractors in New York to pay the "prevailing rate of wages," which means the union scale, on all public work will save these capitalists \$100,000,000.

Baron Krupp, the head of the great gun works, has declared his annual income for the purpose of taxation to be \$5,525,000—21,000,000 marks. There are 80,000 employees of the Krupp works. Of this number 65,000 are artisans and 15,000 clerks.

The biggest woodworking plant in the State of California has been erected by the unions of San Francisco, and is now turning out material as fast as 2,000 union carpenters can place it on the buildings in two cities. It gives employment to 100 union mill men.

Philadelphia Paperhangers' Union is working to secure the co-operation of the prominent physicians of that city in a movement to have an ordinance enacted requiring that all paper on walls of residences be removed before the walls can be repapered. This is to be done in the interest of the public health.

A Binghamton, N. Y., inventor has put on the market a device for the protection of Reuben. It is a gas burner that may be blown out. The burner is constructed on the principle that metals are expanded by heat and contracted by cold. When the gas is blown out the cooling of the metal in the burner closes a valve, which prevents the gas from escaping.

Returns from the year's total of ship building show that for the last twelve months more tonnage was launched than in any year in previous history save two, there being more than 400,000 tons added to the American register. In addition, all the ship yards report orders sufficient to keep them busy for a year or more. Yards on the great lakes turned out more than half the total.

A bonus system has been inaugurated by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at its plant in East Pittsburgh. The bonus is based on the net earnings of the company, and its distribution is among the assistant subforemen, and is paid quarterly, in addition to their salaries. If the system is a success it will be extended by the company to take in all skilled workmen of the plant.

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA.

A Dream of Conquest Which Faded and Died.

The American of to-day measures the westward march of the people across the continent by remembering that almost 180 years elapsed between the settlement of Jamestown, Va., on the coast, and that of Marietta, Ohio, west of the mountains and north of the river. Few realize that the French had set up a well-ordered government in the heart of the continent nearly 100 years before the founding of Marietta; that the illies of France waved triumphantly from Quebec to New Orleans and from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, while the English colonies formed but a thin fringe along the Atlantic coast, penetrating the interior at no place more than 150 miles. There were French forts along the Mississippi tributaries before Georgia, the last of the thirteen English colonies, was planted. French commanders exercised their troops in the middle west before Washington was born. Barrier was keeping his record of gifts at Kaskaskia when John Adams was only 2 years old. Trade and hunting, with a small kind of agriculture, were as vigorous 1,000 miles inland as on the coast. If the French dream in America had been realized the heart of the continent might to-day be controlled from France in the old feudal way, by which power was concentrated in the officers, while the common people remained purely subjects. It is unlikely that a title of the glorious career of America would have been realized. How many French colonies have become free republics? If the French dream had been realized—but to the last it was only a dream.

Ocean Bathing.

There seems to be a special providence which takes care of the small boy and a few grown people who plunge into the coldest water and stay there for half an hour or an hour. But the majority of persons are so sensitive that they are harmed by a very chilly bath and by an immersion of more than five minutes. This is equally true of salt and fresh water baths. During the heated months the ocean presents a strong temptation to those who enjoy a bath, and as its temperature is apt to be well sustained, even after the air begins to suggest autumn, September is as good a month as June for the indulgence. Moreover, the salts in the sea not only give greater buoyancy, but exert a wholesome tonic effect upon the skin. The bath should always be followed by a brisk rubbing with coarse towels, no matter how warm the atmosphere. If the blood is not thus brought to the surface it may strike at some weak organ within and promote undesirable congestion.

If an unmarried man hasn't been presented with at least three sets of military hairbrushes by the girls, he need not look upon himself as a catch any larger than a minnow.

LOST, ONE ELEPHANT.

OWNER HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN PROVING PROPERTY.

How the Mammoth Beast Got from a Closed Railroad Car on the Track Was a Mystery to the Showmen Who Were Transporting Him.

"Of the many accidents which happen to a large circus as it travels through the country the strangest I ever heard of happened to the old Forepaugh show a few years ago."

The speaker was Richard Ball, the old-time showman, who has traveled 20,000 miles annually during the past quarter of a century and has represented nearly every important tented amusement concern in the country, and is now the general contracting agent of the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' shows, says the Rochester Times-Union.

"Upon arriving in a little town in western Illinois the keeper of the elephants discovered that one of his charges was missing.

"The discovery created a profound sensation in the circus camp. Where and how an elephant could be lost was a mystery to all. Theory after theory was advanced, but few seemed plausible.

"The keeper was absolutely certain that the elephant had been placed on the train the night before and was equally certain that the missing pachyderm was not among the others when they were taken down the gang plank that morning.

"The train had not made a stop during the journey, hence no one could have stolen the animal.

"As the investigation proceeded the mystery deepened.

"It was not until late in the afternoon that the whereabouts of the elephant was discovered, and even then the problem was unsolved.

"The manager of the circus received a telegram from a railway station agent inquiring if his show had lost an elephant.

"The dispatch stated that there was an elephant found along the railway track there and he supposed it must belong to the circus.

"Mr. Forepaugh wired at once to hold the elephant until his men arrived. The latter found that the mammoth beast was injured in several places, but he was taken back to the show and given medical attention and came out all right in a few days.

"While the mystery was never fully solved, it was the general verdict that the elephant car door had not been securely locked and that it had swung open during the trip. It was also probable that the elephants engaged in a fight and this particular one was pushed through the door and off the train.

"Afterwards the door undoubtedly rolled back into place again, for it was closed when the train reached its destination the next morning.

"Two weeks later a similar accident happened to a ring horse, which was found later along the railway in Kentucky quietly grazing on the blue grass. The animal did not receive one scar as a result of his marvelous acrobatic feat."

BUYING A LARGE ESTATE.

Several Capitalists Are Now Engaged in that Occupation.

The starting of a new great country estate is always a matter of interest. The tendency in rich city men toward that sort of enlargement is of recent growth, and it is natural that there should be examples of it in increasing number near New York. E. H. Harriman, railway giant—the same enterprising man who carried a ship load of scientists to Alaska in 1899—has bought himself 20,000 acres of land in Orange and Rockland counties, New York, to the west and north of Tuxedo and edging over toward Goshen. Orange County is still famous for its butter and Mr. Harriman doubtless intends to keep a cow. His further intentions have not as yet transpired except as shown by considerable investments in roads. Much of the fun in owning a farm two miles square lies doubtless in planning what to do with it.

Mr. Carnegie, whose commodious dwelling on upper 5th avenue is already the biggest house in town, is building himself another in Westchester County near the St. Andrew's golf links, but has not yet given evidence of an acute attack of land hunger. Mr. Whitney has 1,000 acres on Long Island, nearly twice as many on October mountain and a big tract in the North woods, and there are many other estates of from 500 to 3,000 acres on Long Island and near the Hudson. Dr. Webb has elbow room at Shelbourne and leg room in the Adirondacks, but the greatest and most interesting of American country estates seems still to be Mr. Vanderbilt's Biltmore in North Carolina.

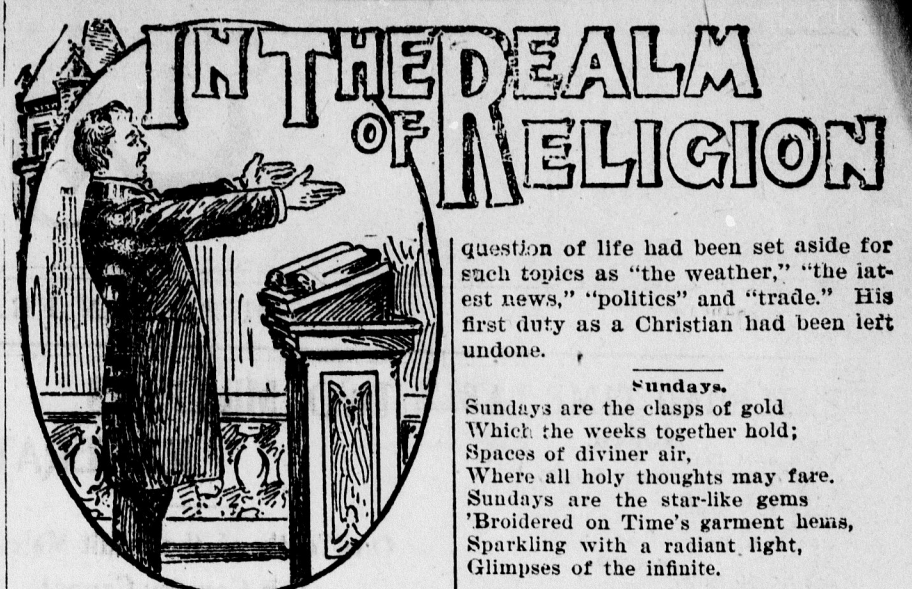
There will be great sights in architecture, horticulture, agriculture, floriculture and all the allied industries and arts to be seen in this country fifty years from now if the steel business and railroad business continue to flourish and government continues stable.—Harper's Weekly.

His View of It.

"I don't see any reason why people should interfere when fools want to go through the Niagara rapids in barrels."

"But it does seem a shameful waste of good barrels, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When we see a woman with a mark on her nose, we can't help wondering at what age it came. Young women never have them.



"The Sweet By and By."

This beautiful and famous hymn was written by Dr. Sanford Filmore Bennett, born in Eden, N. Y., in 1836. His own account of the circumstances under which it was composed is worth reading. In a letter to a friend, which we give in part only, he says he had a friend, a musician, who was subject to fits of depression. To help his friend he frequently got him interested by composing a song on which he would set him to work writing the music. One day this friend, J. P. Webster, came to him unusually gloomy. The doctor asked him what the trouble was, to which Webster replied: "It is no matter now; it will be all right by and by." Then Bennett goes on to say:

"The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: 'The Sweet By and By,' why would not that make a good hymn? 'May be it would,' he said, indifferently. I then turned to my desk, and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I wrote it with lead pencil on both sides of a common sheet of note paper. The third verse was written on the opposite side of the paper, and as I wrote the third line in the stanza of four lines my pencil gave out, and I wrote the fourth line with pen and ink. In the meantime two friends, N. H. Caswell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled, and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk he began writing the notes instantly. In a few minutes he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few minutes more and he had jotted down the same for the different parts and the chorus. I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had been completed, and we four gentlemen were singing it exactly as it has been sung the world over ever since."

Self-Cultivation.

It happens to many a man and woman that in the absorbing demands of business or professional life, of home duties or the claims of society, there is a gradual failure of moral purpose or religious conviction, and, while the life grows in one direction, it as surely degenerates in another. We can cultivate any part of our natures we will, just as the gardener or horticulturist, by selecting certain qualities, gradually develops a new kind of potato or corn, a new variety of strawberry or apple. We can make ourselves new kinds of men and women by giving attention to business or pleasure, books or music, athletics or religion. Spiritual things are not of interest to us where we do not cultivate them, just as business becomes dull if we do not give attention to it and try to make it interesting. As no man can be strong unless he takes much exercise, so no man can be devout who does not wrestle with God in prayer, early and late.

Every kind of cultivation leads to growth in manhood, and we are the kind of men we make ourselves by our toil and our play, our hopes and our fears, our fidelity of mind and our loyalty of heart. When the mind is open and alert, the heart gentle and loving, the conscience firm and unfailing, the will strong and steadfast, we are sure to grow into larger manhood and womanhood, and there is nothing else for the sake of which life is worth living. Truly, it is a good and acceptable saying that "the only object in life is to grow."—Christian Register.

How His Prayer Was Answered.

In praying for the conversion of our friends we do not always listen for the still small voice to direct us, so that we may help the Lord to answer our prayers. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why so many of our petitions are vain and empty words. But in the case cited below there was an earnest endeavor to carry out God's will.

"During a season of revival, a friend was praying one evening for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this manner he prayed:

"O Lord, touch that man with thy finger; touch him with thy finger, Lord!"

The petition was repeated with great earnestness, when something said to him:

"Thou art the finger of God! Hast thou ever touched this thy neighbor? Hast thou ever spoken a single word to him on the question of salvation? Go thou, and touch that man, and thy prayer shall be answered."

It was a voice from the throne. God's servant arose from his knees self-commended. He had known the man as an impenitent for a quarter of a century, yet had uttered not a word of warning. Hundreds of opportunities had come and gone, but the supreme

question of life had been set aside for such topics as "the weather," "the latest news," "politics" and "trade." His first duty as a Christian had been left undone.

Sundays.
Sundays are the clasps of gold
Which the weeks together hold;
Spaces of diviner air,
Where all holy thoughts may fare.
Sundays are the star-like gems
'Broidered on Time's garment seams,
Sparkling with a radiant light,
Glimpses of the infinite.

Even the flowers on this day
Seem more sacred words to say;
While from out the silken sky
Wings celestial harmony.
For the day, wherever found,
With God's blessing still is crowned.
—Boston Transcript.

Christian Service.
The more heart one puts into the Christian life the easier it is to live it. Most of our difficulties in connection with it arise from a half-hearted practice and enjoyment of it. He who can sing when a burden is imposed upon him, or can rise on faith's pinions when things seem dark, or can find content when duties run against nature, is sure to have a cheery, hopeful and blessed experience of the Lord's favor and service.—Presbyterian.

Each Day's Privileges.

Each day has its special privileges, as well as its special duties. The morning is a good time for conquering in advance the duties. The evening is a good time for considering in retrospect the privileges. "What ought I to do to-day?" is a good question to start out with. "What have I gained to-day?" is a good question to wind up with.

Rising Above Circumstances.

We rise from the ashes of life everlastingly. Without the outer forms that mold us, which arise from the circumstances of this world's creation, there would have been no fall of man. So without these eternal circumstances, all of man's making, there can be no rising.—The American Hebrew.

Obedience.

Nothing simplifies life like obedience. We sometimes think we are beset by problems, that life is a very difficult and complicated affair. It is not really so. All life is simply doing or bearing the will of God. There is never more than one duty for one moment.—H. A. Bridgman.

VIRTUALLY DEAD.

Scientist Says that Death by Drowning Is Unaccompanied by Pain or Fear.

Grant Allen, whose scientific habit of thought gives weight to his words, says that in his boyhood he had a narrow escape from drowning. The experience served to show him how much and how little death might mean. He was skating, and went through the thin ice in a spot where several blocks had been removed the day before. He was carried under the thicker ice beyond, and when he came to the surface, tried to break through by butting his head against it. The result was that he was stunned, then numbed by the cold, and so water-logged that artificial respiration had to be used to restore him to life. These are his impressions, sent to the Pall Mall Gazette, of death and the amount of pain connected with it:

"The knowledge that I have thus experienced death in my own person has had a great deal to do with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels. I had only a sense of cold, damp and breathlessness, a fierce, wild struggle, a horrible choking sensation. Then all was over.

I had been momentarily uncomfortable, but it was not half so bad as breaking an arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, dying is as painless as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle, the sense of its approach, that is at all uncomfortable. Even this is less unpleasant than I should have expected beforehand. There was a total absence of any craven shrinking. The sensation was merely the physical one of gasping for breath.

Cautious Railroad Lines.

The world's strangest railways are to be found principally in India, America, Switzerland and Ireland. The loop at "Agony Point," on the Darjeeling Railway, India, is thought to be the sharpest curve in the world, while Mount Rigi, in Switzerland, has no fewer than three railways to its summit. When the Jungfrau Railway is completed it will be the most remarkable one in the world. Its highest station will be 13,668 feet above sea level. Of American railways the strangest is at Cripple Creek, where the great timber trestle over which the train has to pass in crossing a chasm is so curved that the line is made to tip inwardly, and the sensation is terrible to the traveler on a fast train.

Not Time Enough.

Little Ethel—Mamma, I know why you can't count th' stars.
Mother—Why, my child?
Little Ethel—Cuz it won't stay dark long enough.—Ohio State Journal.

A Congressman says a constituent is a man who expects you to get him a job.

It's folly to tell a man who has the toothache that misery loves company.

It is folly to tell the father of twins that no man can serve two masters.

HE LOST THE TRAIL.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN THE ARIZONA DESERT.

Miner Wanders About in Search of Some Mark to Guide Him Until He Becomes Insane from Thirst—Rescued by Cattlemen.

It was in the summer of 1877, and Mr. Porter was working at the Grand Gulch copper mine on Grand Wash, as it is now called, north of the Colorado in the Supai plateau in the northwestern part of the territory. The mines were being worked by a Mormon company from St. George, Utah. The company could not get the proper fluxes for its ore, and therefore did not make a success of the enterprise. It closed down the mine, and all who were employed there wanted to go back to Utah except Mr. Porter, who desired to come south into Central Arizona. He knew there was a good road down the Virgin River and to Mineral Park, but it was some distance west of Grand Wash and over a desert country he had never traversed and was not familiar with. He was taken up into a high mountain by an old man named Pierce and shown the general direction of the road to the Virgin River. He was told where he could find water half way along the trail, at a well-known spring. He saddled up his mule, and with two canteens of water started out alone.

When he got down into the valley he lost the trail, but kept traveling all that day and the following night. Some time the next morning, when the sun got pretty hot and he became almost exhausted, he stopped to make some coffee, having still one canteen of water left. He was holding his mule by the bridle when along came a desert whirlwind and enveloped them, frightening the mule, which dragged him through a cactus plant, and breaking away from him, started back over the trail. He followed the mule for a couple of miles, then gave up the chase and again started toward the Virgin River on foot and without water or anything else save an unquenched thirst.

Just how long he wandered he does not know, but before night he began to get delirious, and after that he remembered nothing, except the hallucinations that passed through his mind before he became unconscious. He was, oh, so thirsty! It seemed as if his throat was literally on fire, and he was aching all over his body. He tried every method he knew of moistening his throat, but the relief was but temporary. He tore open the cactus plants and everything that gave promise of containing the slightest bit of moisture, but his thirst seemed to be an ever-increasing one. He could think of nothing but water.

Finally, as his strength gave way, pleasant dreams began to fit through his mind. He fancied he saw Niagara Falls and the vastness of the rapids below them. Then he seemed to face the broad expanse of a great freshwater lake. He could not see across it. It looked so cool and refreshing he could not restrain himself, and waded into it clear up to his neck. Then he fancied he could feel the fish cavorting about his feet, and everything seemed so peaceful. He was perfectly happy and contented; did not know whether he was alive or dead, and did not care.

About a week later, when he recovered consciousness, he found himself in the camp of some cattlemen, who had found him some hours after he lost track of himself. His lips were swollen and full of cactus thorns, where he had chewed up the prickly pear in his desperate thirst. The cattleman said that when they found him he was stark naked, doubtless having disrobed and thrown his clothes away when he fancied he was going down into the lake. His fingers were raw and bleeding from wounds made while digging in the sand for water.

He says that the agony that comes over one when he first begins to realize that he is about to perish for water is simply indescribable, and it increases every minute till he begins to lose consciousness. But when the body gives up the struggle the mind seems to become unnaturally active in its efforts to soothe by seemingly furnishing that for which the body suffers, and the hours of the thirst victim are hours of sweetest anticipation.—Arizona Republican.

HAD FAITH IN THE PEOPLE.

The Late President McKinley Always Trusted Himself to the Crowd.

The late President McKinley always loved a crowd and used to say that he had no fear of it. He often stated that the American crowd was the greatest inspiration a public man could have; that the faith of the people in a leader appealed to the best there was in him, and that no man could be conscious of this public confidence without trying to live up to the expectations of the people.

It was natural that he should believe in the people. Before he came to the presidency he traveled over the country and spoke to more people than any other man living. For almost a half of years he had been a national hero, and for six or seven years presidential possibility with a tremendous following in every part of the country. He was the idol of protectionists, and yet his public career and private life had been such that no one could have any doubt as to his opposite political faith had ever been a public word against him as a protectionist and conscientious patriotic public man.

McKinley was exceptional in this, that he was able to convince him that he was a friend to the people. He was always safe with the

SKYSCRAPERS ARE MINIATURE VILLAGES.



CHICAGO MASONIC TEMPLE A MODERN SKYSCRAPER.

The skyscraper, aside from its massiveness, may not be a dream of architectural beauty, but it is the best development of successful utilitarianism that the world has ever recorded. The architectural beauty will come with time. Safety and convenience were the first things considered. However, they are comfortable, well lighted, well warmed, well aired, and are supplied with all modern conveniences—running water, electric lights, serviceable telephones, mail chutes and messenger service, while many of them are further equipped with barber shops, news stands and restaurants.

crowd. He had no fear of being hurt by the mob. He said no man ever need fear a crowd that came to do him honor. The people might press upon him, but he surrendered himself to them, and without trying to protect himself, he was never hurt.

In the campaign tour he made before his election to the Presidency he often surprised other public men into whose States and districts he went by his fearless plunging into a sea of humanity. Once at Danville, Ill., the crowd was so great that the carriage intended for him could not be driven near the car. Congressman Cannon fumed and fretted at the inability to make way for his distinguished visitor, but Mr. McKinley jumped down from the car platform into the thickest of the crowd and called to Cannon to come on. Cannon feared that Mr. McKinley would be hurt, but shaking hands and chatting with those who surged about him, allowing himself to drift like a cork on the waters, he was not long in getting through to the carriage that could not come to him.

Another time at Topeka, Kan., the old veterans and the flambeau clubs formed a cordon about the stand to escort Mr. McKinley through the immense crowd, but just as he started to pass through he began to shake hands with the old soldiers of his escort, and in a second all discipline was gone, the cordon was broken, and Mr. McKinley was swallowed up in the eager crowd to shake hands.

The local committee was panic stricken, but Mr. McKinley chatted and allowed every man who could to grasp his hand. They pulled him about, but without resisting, or trying to, he went through to the carriage waiting for him in safety.

He had hundreds of such experiences, and they gave him greater faith in the safety of public men in the hands of the crowd. He became indifferent to that fear which so many men have of great crowds, and when he became President he had absolute faith in his safety with the people. He regarded the crowd as the safest place from attack by any man who might seek the life of a public official, for he held to the theory that the assassin is always a coward and would seek to kill from ambush.

At the White House he sought public receptions of the people who desired to see the President, as it was a relief from the importunities of those who had admission to his private office, seeking public patronage. He said on one of these occasions:

"This is my hour of relief from official care and the worries over trying to find places for all who think they are entitled to office. It is the small group of Senators or Representatives who get the President into a corner of his office to appeal for places that worry him and here with the people who only

come to honor him and his high office he finds relief. I never want the people kept away. They are my inspiration to high endeavor, because of their confidence in me as their Chief Magistrate."

What One Man Thinks.

A man who has been doing Europe, and kept his eyes open all the way, says that to his mind American women as a class are the best dressed in the world. They have good figures and pretty hands and feet, and the only fault he has to find with them is that their costume is so often incongruous as to details. A two-dollar shirt waist is constantly worn with a thirty-dollar hat; diamond stars on the simple high-necked dimity evening gowns, and shabby shoes with otherwise handsome toilettes. He thinks that incongruity is shown to a greater degree by the frocks worn in the mornings by young women at summer resorts. Excessive open-work gowns of organdy, swiss, mousseline and even lace, elaborately trimmed with insertions of fine lace, are dragged about on the beach and through the streets of the small towns. They give a liberal view of necks and arms, and while entirely suitable for evening wear, are hardly more so for the breakfast table than if they really were cut low in the neck instead of merely having that effect. There are, of course, plenty of girls at the shore who wear plain little shirt-waist suits in the morning, but the more elegantly gowned ones seemed in the majority. Yet the custom is in distinctly bad taste.

From Mutton to Money.

There is, or rather was, years ago in this city, a gentleman who did a thriving business in mutton in the market district, and was well known to hundreds of people as a bright and original sort of man. Another man, who had not seen him for nearly twenty years, met him a short time ago, and after inquiries as to his health, asked if he was in the same business.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I'm presiding now."

The man who was inquiring about him was really phased by this answer, and remarked that he presumed it was his ignorance, but he must admit he derived no idea of his business from the statement that the former market man "was presiding."

Baggage Checked in Germany.

The railway companies entering Berlin have recently adopted the American plan (with modifications) enabling passengers to check baggage to their homes before arrival of the train.

You can't make us believe the Lord loves all alike: To some He gives naturally curly hair and lots of it.



Robert C. Titus Justice Truman C. White Loren Lewis
The judge who sentenced Czolgosz and the two attorneys appointed by the court to defend the assassin.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

THE TIMELY WARNING.

LAST week a pretty New Jersey girl went out driving with the young man to whom she was betrothed. On the way the horse became stubborn, and the man, flying into a violent passion, began to lash it cruelly. When they returned home the girl promptly broke the engagement, saying that where a man could so easily lose his temper, and so brutally flog a horse, the woman marrying him would take the same chances of ill-treatment, and she declined the risk.

It seems to me that the pith of all the wise advice, from Solomon down to the present day, on how to be happy though married, is comprised in that little story. It throws a sidelight and a searchlight on the importance of looking before you leap into the abyss of matrimony. It is applying downright, hard, irrefutable common sense to the place in life where it is needed most, and where it is scarcest.

No engineer on earth would be fool enough to dash on with his train in the face of a red signal of danger. No pilot would fail to heed the hoarse cry of the bell buoy when danger was evident, but the average man and woman, more reckless than they, rush heedlessly on into unsuitable marriages that wreck their happiness, in spite of the fact that every inch of the way is placarded with warnings of disaster.

As for those other cases, in which a girl marries a dissipated man, believing she can reform him, or a lazy, good-for-nothing, thinking he will work for her sake when he never has for his own, nothing need be said. If a person hasn't enough sense to keep out of the fire, nothing short of being put in a straight-jacket can prevent them from being burned. I suppose every woman has a right to wreck her life if she wants to, but when she does, she ought to have courage enough to keep her troubles to herself, and not burden the rest of the world with lamentations because everything has turned out just exactly like she was warned it would.

If women refuse to heed the warnings they get before marriage, men are even more averse to taking a tip from fate. Every man cherishes in his secret soul the illusion that he can form his wife's character, and that being married to him is going to work a revolution of all her tastes and beliefs. It is a charming theory, and the pity of it is that there isn't one grain of truth in it. What a woman is before she is married, she is to the grave. Women change much less in character than men. A man is broadened by going out into the world. A woman's life is generally shut within her own home, where everything tends to narrow her down, and conform her in her prejudices and opinions.

To me one of the most pathetic sights in life—and it's very common—is the broad, intelligent, cultivated man married to the dull baby woman whom he has hopelessly outgrown. Sometimes she still has the pretty face that is the visible excuse for her folly. Sometimes she is getting old, and has lost even that, but always there is the tragedy of utter unsuitability and lack of companionship. She does not understand. She never can understand the things that mean most to him, and between them is a gulf deeper than the grave, and wider than eternity.

A wife with a shrewish tongue can make a home a purgatory. One who is extravagant and thriftless and wasteful will keep her husband's nose to the grindstone all his days, and balk his every ambition.

Yet how would it be possible to erect a more potent danger signal before him? How can any man in his senses fail to remember that a husband is always the scapegoat for a high-tempered woman's spleen? When he sees Maude dressing far beyond her means, and her poor, old father, bent and worn with trying to pay her bills, can he doubt for a moment that the man who marries her will have to toil like a slave to support her extravagance? When he finds that he cannot argue or make Janet see reason on the simplest subject, does it need a prophetic tell him how exasperating such a pig-headed dame will be to deal with through the many problems of domestic life?

We can lay no more important truth to heart than that marriage works no miracles. We do not acquire a new set of angelic virtues with our tresses. When we marry a person we marry their bad qualities as well as their good, and it is a wise man or woman who scrutinizes the faults of their future partner before marriage and is blind to them afterwards.—Dorothy Dix in New Orleans Picayune.

Southern Women Not Athletic.

In the East, the North and the West the proportion of athletic women is far above the proportion here. Just why the Southern woman has never picked up physical culture is a mystery. Society women of the North and East are, speaking in a general sense, sturdier, stronger and have broader shoulders than the society women of the South. This is due to swimming, tennis, golf, horseback riding and wheeling, carried to that extent which would surprise most women here.

Innate modesty of the Southern woman may have something to do with her persistent refusal to place herself on a footing with her brothers in sports and athletics, but that seems improbable. There is no good reason to give, but the

fact remains. In Atlanta there are possibly not more than four or five who play tennis moderately well—and tennis has been the fad this summer—there are not more than half a dozen who play golf, very few who wheel, and still fewer who join in other outdoor amusements.

In Southern summer resorts these things are largely unheard of; in Eastern resorts—Newport, Saratoga, Narragansett, Lenox and such places—the women spend nearly all their time outdoors. That seems to be one of the inbred differences between the Southern and Eastern women.—Atlanta Journal.



The embroidered buttonhole is the newest notion of the moment.

Robe gowns will enjoy considerable vogue this coming season, chantilly, Tuscan net, and point d'esprit all being in high favor.

The latest imported French lingerie shows all the seams joined by narrow beading instead of being sewed as seams. On some of the garments baby ribbon is run through all this beading, but that elaboration is not considered necessary.

Scotch plaid is sometimes used for trimming, cut in narrow, bias bands and introduced beneath tuckings, or as a binding on collars and cuffs. Aeshdu a binding on collars and cuffs. Narrow black velvet or fancy ribbons in mixed colorings are utilized as trimmings; also a sort of braid in very narrow widths, in black and white. But lace is by far the most popular trimming.

Flat trimming effects are far and away the most fashionable for lingerie. The erstwhile soft, fluffy effects so dear to mabelle's heart now are relegated to second place, and flat medallions of lace, embroidered roses, bowknots, butterfly or myriads of fine tucks have taken their place. Blind stitching is particularly favored on the new underwear, and some of the designs in embroidery are truly beautiful. The trend of the selection of refined women is to quiet effects; large showy patterns of lace or embroidery are seldom their choice. Lace and embroidery combined on one garment is quite the mode.

There is a tendency to broaden the shoulders with epaulettes, sometimes set on just over the armhole or put on beneath the collar and reaching over the sleeve. On others the sleeve is set on from the neck somewhat in raglan fashion, and usually plaited or gathered from top to bottom. This is a novel idea for a silk waist sleeve. The very deep collars, almost developing into capes, are intended to widen the shoulders. They are of lace, but more frequently of the material, lace-trimmed or embroidered. Some are quite flat in Anne of Austria fashion, while others fall in undulating folds over the bust and well over the sleeve tops. Other collars are composed of openwork, while still others are of velvet, stitched in a pattern or in rows.

Some Ways of the World.

The simplicity which used to be a distinguishing trait of a well-bred young girl is, it is said to say, rapidly disappearing. The wearing of jewelry, for instance, which, with the exception of some simple ornament, formerly was forbidden, is now not only permissible, but has become so general that sweet simplicity feels herself quite "out of it" in contrast to her resplendent companions who even in the daytime wear glittering chains and pendants of value over their ornate muslins, while in the evening many a rich married woman might envy their array of costly jewels. It is declared that such display, which surely is in bad taste, if not vulgar, is purely American; that English, French and German girls dress as simply as ever, and that it is one of the evidences of new-born independence of European opinion that mothers who were wont to order the lives of their daughters on the lines of English traditions now allow the latter to vie with each other in ostentatious display.

A Novel Cardcase.

Hand-embroidered card cases are a fad of the season, the most popular being those worked on canvas in strands of silk floss harmonizing in color with one's gown. The design is worked in solid all over the canvas, and much individual taste is displayed in the selection of colors. For instance, wood browns combine well with dull art greens, all shades of gray with white, and deep cerise with light pink. A card case makes a fascinating bit of hand work to be taken up at odd moments, and besides being most useful, is, if cleverly done, extremely ornamental. When the canvas has been worked in it may be left at the embroiderer's to be finished off and lined.

FORTY-SECOND COUSINS.

According to the Professor It is the Remotest Relationship.

He was professor of mathematics in one of our women's colleges, middle-aged, fond of a joke and given to reducing the things of common life to formulas, partly for the fun of it and partly to bring mathematical truths closer to the minds of his pupils. One day, just before the lecture began and as the professor came in, he overheard one of the girls say, with a sigh: "Oh, he's some forty-second cousin, I believe, and I suppose I must show him around."

"You should be careful," interjected the professor, with a fairly successful effort to appear solemn. "You should be more careful in your use of mathematical terms. Are you sure you are strictly accurate when you say 'forty-second cousin'?" He may be a closer degree of relationship."

"Why? He's no relation at all, if it comes to that," said the fair student.

"It is," resumed the professor, imperceptibly, "as you doubtless know already, a question of the powers of 2. We all have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, each figure being a power of 2 and in N—generations consequently we have a grandparent with (N-1) greats in front of the title. It also obtains inversely. All who trace to the same parents are brothers or sisters, to the same grandparent are cousins, to the same great-grandparent are second cousins, to the N-G grandparent are (N plus 1) th cousins.

"The powers of 2, however, reach astounding figures rather quickly. We have 1,023 (9—great) grandparents each, for example. Going back twenty generations, we have each a little more than a million 19—great-grandparents, over a billion 20—great-grandparents, and in the forty-third generation we have each about 1,438,800,000 42—great-grandparents, and all who trace back to any one of those 1,438,800,000 are forty-second cousins.

"If you consider a moment, you will see that at each of this thousand billions is a progenitor, that there is little room in the world's population, as at present constituted, for the mob of cousins. There is a saving clause, however. This would only obtain if everybody was careful not to marry in the same line of descent.

"In practice we usually object to marrying cousins and some people draw the line on second cousins, but to make the above statement come true we should object to, say, forty-second cousins, which is impossible, practically. We cannot, in practice, draw the line on twentieth cousins, for example. If two twentieth cousins marry, it throws out one from the million of nineteen great-grandparents to be considered, and so with the other degrees. Probably in practice that is what we are always doing—when we marry. We are almost undoubtedly marrying at least a twenty-fifth cousin, and everybody in the world is at least a forty-second cousin and probably somewhat nearer in relationship."

"Gracious!" said the original offender, a blonde, by the way. "If I am born in St. Louis and a young man is born in Newton—at—at—well, about the same time—are we related?"

"Certainly," responded the professor, with a grin. "You are (N plus 1) th cousins, having descended from the same N—g grandparent, possibly along where N is less than 30 at least."

"Gee," said the tall brunette of the class, who had been listening, as she felt of her back hair and helped herself to a caramel, according to the Boston Herald, "he would be an n—g grandparent all right."

A CHINESE STORY.

Public Frightened by Mysterious Chalk Marks Made by a Boy.

A strange state of mind evidently prevailed in Pekin during the Boxer outrages outside the walls—outrages which were momentarily expected to be repeated within the city limits. Everybody was preparing for a catastrophe, and nobody could be sure why. It all seemed like a huge practical joke, which could not be taken seriously, and yet it was serious, and everybody knew it was. There was apparent peace, with a certainty of coming trouble. The foreigners were gathering in places of safety, and the compounds they had left remained unloosened.

One incident curiously shows the combined lightness and frenzy of the public mind. On a certain evening a boy of about sixteen walked down a street, marking a door here and there with a circle of white chalk, before which he bowed solemnly.

Presently all the people came to their doors in a great state of excitement, and began to discuss the proceeding and debate as to what it might mean. The marked houses might belong to the friends or foes of the Boxers, the saved or lost.

Suddenly a man went up to the boy, seized him by the pigtail, and asked him what he meant. The bystanders were amazed at a courage which dared interfere with an emissary of the Boxers, and the boy himself tried to swagger a little, and brazen it out.

"What were you doing it for?" insisted the man. "Tell, or I take you to the police station."

Then the boy fell on his knees and begged that he was only doing it for a joke, to frighten the people. His success had exceeded his hopes.

Expensive.

Mr. Blinwed—I'd like to have hold of the fellow who invented those long coats for women.

Mr. Nebb—Why?

Mr. Blinwed—Why? Great Scott! they cost twice as much as one half as long.—Boston Post.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

The vote on Tuesday in the great Eastern and Northern states was a vote of confidence in Republican principles and policies.

The fusion of the forces of good government in New York brought confusion to Tammany Hall on Tuesday. For once the reform element made a good, thorough, earnest fight and have won a great victory.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where working men may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Now They Never Speak.

A coolness growing out of the following conversation has sprung up between Jones and Smith.

"I had a splendid time last night," said Jones.

"I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodman mansion."

"Are the Goodmans nice people?" queried Smith.

"Well, I should say so. They are very aristocratic. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius."

"What did you get, mamma?"

"Cigars, lovey."

"The cheap ones that Aunt Millie told you about?"

"Silence from mamma, but a heightened flush on her face that was not entirely the reflection from 'dearest lovey's' red velvet hat."

"Mamma, that man over there has on a dreadfully dirty necktie. You told papa the other day that no gentleman would wear a soiled necktie."

Man glares and pulls his coat about his neck.

"Mildred, stop talking."

Mildred was silent for a little while.

"Mamma, that lady over there forgot to polish her shoes this morning!"—London Spare Moments.

Reasons For a Divorce.

The Druses sometimes divorce their wives for apparently the most trivial causes. Thus a man named Soleiman Attala had a wife, Isbakye. The woman frequently worked for us, and on several occasions I had to complain that she talked too much and worked too little. At length I was obliged to tell Soleiman that owing to his wife's laziness I could employ her no longer. Shortly afterward I went to England.

On my return after a couple of months' absence I was surprised to find that Soleiman had divorced Isbakye and had already married another woman. On inquiring from him the cause of this he replied, "Your honor told me that you would not employ my wife again, so I thought I would get rid of her and marry another woman whom you would employ."

Brotherly Help.

"She will be down in a minute," said her little brother.

"I'm so glad," replied Mr. De Trop.

"She wasn't at home the last time I called."

"Oh, yes she was, but wouldn't come down."

"How do you know she'll come down this time then?"

"Cause I told her you was another fellow."—Philadelphia Record.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$10.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago.

GOD IS EVER NEAR.

I stood on a rock in the ocean
And all seemed so stern and drear,
And the winds did mourn around me
Like wailings around my bier;
And my heart seemed to die within me
For it sank as a pulseless clod,
As I stood there alone on the ocean
Forsaken by man and God.

I stood on a rock in the ocean
But my soul was in touch with God
And the winds playing sweet around me
Were moved by the Master's rod;
And never one note of discord,
Was each chord with my heart in tune,
And my soul, with my God within me,
Unfolded like the rose of June.
D. F. LEARY.

When Coal Was Prohibited.
It makes the present generation smile to read the accounts which have come down to us concerning the prejudices which were formerly entertained against certain articles which are of everyday consumption.

For instance, it is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the house of commons petitioned the king to prohibit the use of the "noxious" fuel.

A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, to punish them by force for the first offense and by the demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city and only permitting it to be used by forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found according to which a man was hanged in the time of Edward I. for no other crime than having been caught burning coal. It took three centuries to entirely efface the prejudice.

Grain Moved in Streams.

Nowhere in North America will you come on a more thrilling night scene than the fresh water cargo tank unloading at Buffalo, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Here she lies beneath the towering grain elevator, which thrusts a long pumping pipe (called the "leg") down through her hatchway. Mount the gangplank, dodging the spinning ropes that make your head reel, stumble about on the dark deck, look down, down, down through the open hatch, and, zounds, what a sight! The hold glows with electricity. It is misty with blown dust. It roars with mechanical activity.

An enormous steel "shovel," big as the inside of a house and manipulated by countless flying ropes, charges back and forth through the whole length of the ship, pitching the yellow grain before it and heaping it up where the leg can get hold of it to whisk it into the bin that is somewhere up in the sky. Beneath, in the hold, an army of blue clad men with wooden "scoops" barely dodge the deadly shovel as they swing the grain into its path.

Observations by Mildred.

Scene: Tramcar. Dramatis personae: Four-year-old girl, mother and several passengers.

Child (in high, shrill treble)—Mamma, did you get papa's birthday present?

"Yes, dearest."

"What did you get, mamma?"

"Cigars, lovey."

"The cheap ones that Aunt Millie told you about?"

Silence from mamma, but a heightened flush on her face that was not entirely the reflection from "dearest lovey's" red velvet hat.

"Mamma, that man over there has on a dreadfully dirty necktie. You told papa the other day that no gentleman would wear a soiled necktie."

Man glares and pulls his coat about his neck.

"Mildred, stop talking."

Mildred was silent for a little while.

"Mamma, that lady over there forgot to polish her shoes this morning!"—London Spare Moments.

All Cheese Is Densely Populated.

Professor Adametz, who devoted considerable time to the study of the fragrant subject, said that the population of an ordinary cheese when a few weeks old is greater than the number of persons upon the earth.

Professor Adametz made some interesting researches dealing with the minute organisms found in cheese. From a microscopic examination of a soft variety of Gruyere cheese he obtained the following statistics: In fifteen grains of cheese, when perfectly fresh, from 90,000 to 140,000 microbes were found, and when the cheese was seventy days old the population had increased to 800,000 in each fifteen grains. An examination of a denser cheese at twenty-five days old proved it to contain 1,200,000 in each gram (about fifteen grains) and when forty-five days old 2,000,000 in the same small particle.

Too Late For Regrets.

Tired of life and the ever present necessity of earning his daily bread by working he had taken a dose of carbolic acid and laid down to die.

But the meddlesome doctors pumped him out and saved him to society.

"Oh, Horace," moaned his wife, leaning over him, "why did you take that awful stuff? Laudanum would have been less painful and so much surer!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Winter thunder is considered throughout Europe to be of very ill omen, but April thunder is considered to be very beneficial. In Devonshire and other cider counties of England there is a saying that "when it thunders in April you must clean up the barrels"—in readiness, that is, for a plentiful crop of apples.

The French consider April thunder to be indicative of a good yield from their vineyards and cornfields.

CHEAP STATUETTES.

HOW THEY ARE MADE, HARDENED, FINISHED AND COLORED.

Italians From Tuscany Excel the World in Their Production—The Demand For These Casts That Comes From Our Schools.

While it is not difficult to secure good American workmen for carrying out schemes of interior decorations, it is impossible yet to get native born men capable of modeling statuettes and busts such as are sold on the street corners and in many of the art shops. All the workmen employed in factories that produce these are Italians, chiefly from Tuscany. This is equally true of those who follow this trade in Germany and France. The Tuscans appear to have a natural ability for that sort of work that has given them the monopoly of it.

The great majority of these busts and statuettes are copied directly from the originals wherever they happen to be, and then the molds are made from that copy and sent to all parts of the world, the statues being cast in the place where they are to be sold. In the larger shops in New York city, however, a certain amount of original work is done in order to keep pace with the popular demand for representations of the hero of the hour. A great many of our most distinguished poets, authors and statesmen whose busts are exposed for sale on the street corners never sat for these portraits. Some workman modeled the head after a photograph and occasionally has produced such good work that it is almost a pity the sculptor's name should remain unknown.

The chief purchasers of these casts from the larger makers are the high schools all over the country. They demand, of course, not only classical subjects and copies of ancient bas-reliefs and architectural details, but also busts of famous men and women from every period of the world's history. Such a wide range of subjects is covered by this demand that seven and eight thousand titles are included in some of the catalogues issued. The factories where these figures are turned out exhibit in their showrooms an assortment and confusion of time, place and nature bewildering to look at.

The process of casting these statuettes is a comparatively simple one when the mold is once completed. The material used, plaster of paris, is cheap, and a very excellent quality is produced in this country. When the statuette comes out, it is pure white and covered with ridges made by the different sections of the mold. These ridges are carefully removed, and then the cast is placed in an oven heated at about 180 degrees. After it has been baked for a certain length of time it is plunged into a solution of stearic acid and kept there until thoroughly saturated. Then, when it has dried, the yellow color is gauged by applying to the surface a solution of beeswax, turpentine and coloring matter. This color will not wash off, and, of course, any shade can be produced at will.

"The demand for nude statues in the art schools is growing less every year," said one of the largest makers of these casts. "That is because people are realizing more and more that artists must draw from the human figure itself if they wish to understand the human form. We get more orders now for draped figures in the art schools and for busts in the high schools. Until very recently the busts of most of the celebrated Americans which we sell had been made in Italy from photographs sent over from this country, and many mistakes occurred in matters of detail, like the cut of the coats and collars. We are trying to do these now in a more modern and characteristic way and occasionally have been furnished with photographs by their families."

The statuettes which are carried about the streets wrapped in harmonious yellow tissue paper or are displayed on the sidewalks or on the steps of unoccupied houses are made by quite a different set of manufacturers. The larger dealers do not sell to these street peddlers at all. The peddlers have their own little workrooms, which furnish them with their stock at a much lower rate than the regular dealers charge. No originals are made in these ateliers, and most of the molds are gained by taking them from a cast bought from some other firm. The stearic acid bath is left out of the process, and consequently the color of these cheaper works washes off.

The peddlers of these statuettes stand in about the same relation to sculptors and sculpture that the hand organ players do to music and musicians. They reflect fairly accurately the popular taste, and, according to their testimony, it is the Tanagra figurines that in the long run sell the best of all their stock. From time to time there is a market for the bust of some particular man, and these sales are always temporary. Grotesque figures are always in demand and copies of the various models of Venus with which the public are familiar. Rows of Cupids and of monks' heads, winged Victories and busts of Wagner come and go as popular favorites, but the Tanagra figurines have a steady sale that insures their presence in the stock of nearly every street peddler.—New York Post.

Probably.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of?

Pa—Glass.

Willie—But what kind of glass?

Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose.

Now, run off to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

I have come to the conclusion that it is good to work hard. It makes one enjoy food and play and sleep so keenly.

—George Du Maurier.

RAISING COCONUTS.

The Tree, Its Peculiar Growth, Its Crop and Its Flowers.

In planting coconut groves such nuts as are wanted for planting are gathered into heaps or placed under sheds, where they are allowed to remain until the sprout shows itself through the husk. When planted in regular order, holes about three feet deep and from 15 to 30 feet apart are dug. In the hole the nut is placed with care and covered with about one foot of soil. The hole is filled gradually as the sprout grows until it reaches the surface, when it is left to itself, requiring no further attention.

Should the place where the coconut is planted be a great distance from the seashore, a quantity of salt is sometimes placed in the hole, and sometimes scraps of old iron, as, being strictly a salt water loving tree, it will thrive but a short distance from the seashore, nearness to salt water being absolutely essential to its welfare. In fact, it is said no magnet is truer to the pole than are the roots of the coconut tree to the ocean, for when the root breaks through the husk it points directly toward the sea, no matter in what position the nut is placed in the ground.

Boring its way downward, the root fastens itself so deeply and firmly in the ground that no tornado, no matter how severe, has ever been known to wrench it from its moorings. But the hurricanes so frequent in the tropics will often twist the trunks and carry the broken portions a long distance, thus ending that coconut palm, as it will not sprout a second time.

Could you examine a coconut when in the process of sprouting you would find directly beneath the sprouting eye a small, white mushroom shaped kernel, and in this little germ lies the life of the future tree. Shut up in its prisonlike shell, and the shell surrounded by many inches of thick, tough and tangled fiber, how is it to work its way out and perform the duty assigned to it, for it is apparently soft and tender as a baby's hand?

Soon its tiny fingers begin boring their way out of the weakest eye; then, rending the tough, woody fiber right and left, it forces itself to the surface and commences the campaign of life, sending its shoot upward to form the tree and downward to form the roots, still clinging to its parent for support, until the entire inside of its shell is filled with a round, ball-like substance that is formed by the congealed milk of the coconut.

From it the roots, fast forming, receive their staff of life until the mother coco becomes exhausted and, having fulfilled her mission, is deserted by her offspring and left a useless mass of fiber.

On goes the tree, sending deep into the ground its roots and high into the air its trunk until after a lapse of from five to eight years it has attained a height of from 40 to 60 feet and then pays tribute to Mother Earth by bearing its first fruit and under favorable circumstances continuing to yield for more than half a century, giving its owner from 100 to 200 marketable nuts a year.

Through the center of the trunk of the coconut tree is a soft, fibrous heart which furnishes the life of the tree and acts as a great pump in forcing to the nuts the immense quantity of water required to fill them. This fibrous heart has a wonderful filtering power, for no matter in what location the tree may be growing, either upon the beach or in the malarial swamps near the pools of stagnant water, when nature has done her work she deposits in the coconut a sparkling liquid as clear as crystal and as cool as if drawn from the deepest well in our northern yards. Having no particular season for fruiting, but bearing all the year round, blossoms, ripe and green fruit may be found on the same tree. The blossom of the coconut is a most beautiful and peculiar work of nature's art. Appearing at the base of the long, ragged leaves is a gourdlike sheath, green in color and standing erect until its own weight causes it to bend downward, where it hangs until the seams it incloses, which are to bear and sustain the nuts, are sufficiently matured to proceed on their journey without protection. When this outer covering splits open, it reveals a cluster of ragged stems, upon each of which you will find miniature coconuts, requiring about 14 months to ripen.

HER TEARS ARE HER FORTUNE.

A Woman in Black Who Can Weep and Excite Sympathy at Will.

"Do you see that woman in black sitting there?" said a railroad detective.

"Well, she possesses the rare gift of being able to cry naturally and at will."

"If she sees a group of well dressed men in a station waiting for a train, she'll sit or stand very near them and burst out crying. Of course her misery will attract attention, and some man will surely come to her relief. The story is that she has no money to buy a ticket to get to her dying daughter in the next town. It is a common thing for men to give her a few dollars promptly and never ask any questions. She has a variety of stories to tell. I think she is the most successful beggar I know."

"Crying at will is something I don't understand. I have seen counterfeit cries galore on the stage, but this woman's cry is much nearer the real thing. No, she does not hold a handkerchief to her eyes at all. She just keeps her face well up and sobs freely, her tears rolling down her cheeks that all may see them. She can cry anywhere."

"I've seen that woman stop on the sidewalk near where three men were standing and sob as if her heart would break. When one of the men asked what the matter was, she replied she lived 20 miles away and had lost her purse. The three men gave her a dollar and a half in a jiffy and asked no questions. How often in a day she does a turn like that I don't know."

"She does her trick so artistically that we hate to turn the fraud down. One time I did interfere in the front of a hotel, but the five men she had cried to simply gave me a stony stare and waved me off as they handed her a few small bills. They wouldn't hear my story and swallowed her tears of woe as a trout jumps at a fly. I guess those men would rather feel they'd helped a poor woman than believe there was such a fraud. That's why I let her go."

"No, I am sure she uses no onion or other pungent odors to cause her tears. Her tear glands are ever ready on tap and never appear to be empty. Some days ago I asked a doctor about it, and he couldn't explain it more than to say that practice makes perfect and that the tear glands could be developed the same as any other portion of the human body. I have promised to show him the woman some time."—New York Sun.

DEEP SEA CURRENTS.

MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN THAT HAVE PUZZLED THE SCIENTISTS.

A Theory as to the Origin and Cause of the Gulf and Other Streams—Are They the Product of Immense Submarine Geysers?

For more than a century scientists and philosophers have been vainly trying to discover the origin and cause of the mysterious current in the Atlantic ocean called the gulf stream. Why so called is not apparent, as nothing in the gulf of Mexico is in its composition. There have been many theories, which have been abandoned, some perfectly absurd, such as its being caused by the earth in its revolution on its axis, for if it had the power to draw this stream at the rate of five miles an hour from the coast of Florida it would draw all the water from the east coasts of North and South America at the same velocity. The prevailing theory is that the northeast trade winds drive a current into the Caribbean sea and, aided by the feeble equatorial stream, heap up the water in the gulf of Mexico, thence rushing around the south of Florida from the source of the gulf stream. But there is no such a heaping up of the waters in that gulf. The waters there are sluggish, and there is no perceptible current leading toward the gulf stream or anywhere else.

This theory has been accepted for want of a better, but those who favor it are not entirely satisfied with it. The gulf stream is an independent body of water, having no connection with the water around or behind the point where it emerges. It is warmer and of a deeper blue than the surrounding seas and gushes forth from the starting point off Cape Sable at the rate of from five to six knots an hour, with a temperature of about 90 degrees, lessening gradually as it proceeds on its journey of thousands of miles across the Atlantic ocean, warming the western shores of Europe.

Having seen the fallacy of the theories concerning the gulf stream, we will turn our attention to the great Pacific current, identical in all respects with its sister current of the Atlantic and concerning which there are no theories to contend with.

It starts spontaneously from a spot a few miles from the south end of the island of Formosa, in the Bashiue channel, following the coast of Formosa northwesterly, past and through the Loochoo islands, skirting the coast of Japan; thence turns eastward on its long journey across the wide Pacific, warming the coast of America from Puget sound to Mexico. Its dark blue waters are in striking contrast to the surrounding seas, giving it the name of Murra Suar, or black water. It is an independent stream where no combination of winds or currents can possibly cause the mighty rush of warm blue water with a velocity of from five to six knots an hour from the start.

In its characteristics of heat, color and direction it resembles the gulf stream in every particular, and the origin of the two streams must be the same, whatever they may be, which I shall endeavor to show later on. There is another ocean current similar in all respects to the other two, with the exception that it runs in an exactly opposite direction. Starting from the vicinity of the south end of the island of Madagascar, it runs southwesterly around the Cape of Good Hope, where it disappears off Cape Lagullas. As a current, probably part of it is diverted

into a steady set of the eastern current, caused by the prevailing westerly winds in that region. No scientists, so far as I am aware, have attempted to account for this current. Having now proved beyond refutation that all theories advanced as to the cause of ocean currents are groundless, it remains to be proved what the true cause is.

It must be admitted that the currents have a similar origin, as they are identical in every respect as regards color, heat and velocity, springing forth in the same manner spontaneously from the earth in some mysterious way. There is no place on the surface of the earth where the water can be heated to furnish the heat contained in these streams that gush forth from the depths of the sea; consequently the forces must be subterranean and can only be accounted for by large bodies of clear, blue water from the ocean forcing its way into the depths of the earth under its own to the surface again, having received its warmth on the way by contact with the internal heat of the lower regions of the earth, forced on by continual pressure from below.

That there are orifices in the earth's crust cannot be denied, also what becomes of the vast volume of water that cannot be computed which is constantly running at the rate of from four to six knots an hour from the Atlantic ocean, through the strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea. The numerous rivers, too, are continually flowing in, and yet the sea remains at the same level. Evaporation cannot account for it, for what is evaporated is formed into clouds and is precipitated again into the sea by the medium of storms and frequent rains.

The water must enter the earth from the ocean through these apertures on an incline as it gushes forth in these three mighty currents and cannot be discovered by soundings; consequently these three mighty currents are nothing more or less than immense geysers.—Captain B. F. Sherburne in Cleveland Marine Record.

A Formidable Meal.

Sometimes the names given to different varieties of plants and vegetables are confusing, not to say startling. It sounds as if one had indulged in a most aesthetic meal to say, "I have just eaten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato the aestheticism vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "unedible" sound.

Two women out on a bicycle tour became hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse near by, and an old man was pottering about in the adjacent potato patch. To him they appealed for food. He promised to do what he could, saying that, at any rate, he could assure them of good potatoes, as he had every variety in his garden. The women enjoyed the meal and especially commended the potatoes.

"Yes," said the farmer, "you have not done so badly. You have eaten two Schoolmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants."

A Cautious Statistician.

"How large a permanent population has Crinane Gulch?" inquired the tourist.

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "we've got about 407 living here, but with so much boss stealin' an' brace far goin' on I wouldn't allude to anybody as bein' particular permanent."—Washington Star.

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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon that had shone upon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window. I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till morning.

When I awoke my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define.

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no answer."

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment.

As soon as my mother was gone I opened Julia's letter. It began:

"My Dear Martin—I know all now. Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly.

"It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna says so as well as I, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that you, in your sober senses, should love a strange person, whose very name you do not know. A Dobree could not make an adventuress his wife. Then you have seen so little of her. Three times, since the week you were there in March! What is that compared to the years we have spent together? It is impossible that in your heart of hearts you should love her more than me.

"I cannot give up the thought of our home, just finished and so pretty. It was so pleasant this afternoon, before you came in with your dreadful thunder-bolt. I was thinking what a good wife I would be to you; and how, in my own house, I should never be tempted into those tiresome tempers you have seen in me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof against that person in Sark.

"I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make professions and demonstrations of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never selfish, and you can do noble things. I do not say it would be noble to marry me; but it would be a noble thing to conquer an ignoble love. How could Martin Dobree fall in love with an unknown adventuress?"

"I shall remain in the house all day tomorrow, and if you can come to see me, feeling that this has been a dream of folly from which you have awakened, I will not ask you to own it. That you come at all will be a sign to me that you wish it forgotten and blotted out between us, as if it had never been.

"With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still

"Your affectionate

"JULIA."

I pondered over Julia's letter as I dressed. There was not a word of resentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reasoning! I had not known Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could not love her as truly!

There was no longer any hesitation in my mind as to what I should do. Julia knew all now. I had told her distinctly of my love for Olivia, and she would not believe it. She appeared wishful to hold me to my engagement in spite of it; at any rate, so I interpreted her letter. I did not suppose that I should not live it down, this infatuation, as they chose to call it. I might hunger and thirst, and be on the point of perishing; then my nature would turn to other nutriment, and assimilate it to its contracted and stultified capacities.

I went mechanically through the routine of my morning's work, and it was late in the afternoon before I could get away to ride to the Vale. My mother knew where I was going, and gazed wistfully into my face, but without otherwise asking me any questions. At the last moment, as I touched Madam's bridle, I looked down at her standing on the doorstep. "Cheer up, mother!" I said, almost gallantly, "it will all come right."

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, and leaning against it, as if she could not stand alone. When I went up to her and took her hand, she flung her arms around my neck, and clung to me, in a passion of tears. It was some minutes before she could recover her self-command. I had never seen her abandon herself to such a paroxysm before.

"Julia, my poor girl!" I said, "I did not think you would take it so much to heart as this."

"I shall come all right directly," she sobbed, sitting down, and trembling from head to foot. "Johanna said you would come, but I was not sure."

"Yes, I am here," I answered, with a very dreary feeling about me.

"That is enough," said Julia; "you need not say a word more. Let us forget it, both of us. You will only give me your promise never to see her or speak to her again."

"Olivia quite understands about my engagement to you," I said. "I told her at once that we were going to be married, and that I hoped she would find a friend in you."

"A friend in me, Martin?" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignation; "you could not ask me to be that!"

"Not now, I suppose," I replied; "the girl is as innocent and blameless as any girl living; but I dare say you would sooner befriend the most good-for-nothing Jezebel in the Channel Islands."

"Yes, I would," she said. "An innocent girl indeed! I only wish she had been killed when she fell from the cliff."

"Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare mention of Olivia's death; "you do not know what you say. It is worse than useless to talk about her. I came to ask you to think no more of what passed between us yesterday."

"But you are going to persist in your infatuation," said Julia; "you can never deceive me. I know you too well. Oh, I see that you still think the same of her!"

"You know nothing about her," I replied.

"And I shall take care I never do," she interrupted spitefully.

"So it is of no use to go on quarreling about her," I continued. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason to suppose she loves me."

"But you are still in love with her?"

"Martin," she continued, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice, which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm, "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could, "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best to be most true, most faithful to you. But my motive for coming now is to tell you some particulars about your property, which my father made known to me only last night."

"It was a miserable task for me; but I told her simply the painful discovery I had made. She sat listening with a dark and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of fortune was concerned."

"Yes," she said bitterly, when I had finished, "robbed by the father and jilted by the son."

"I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said.

"It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner.

"I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged. "It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I did not know my own heart till a word from Captain Carey revealed it to me; and I told you frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I believed it right to do so. If you demand it, I will even promise not to see Olivia again, or to hold direct communication with her. Surely that is all you ought to require from me."

"No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another woman better than me? You must have a very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsehood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal to hers.

"You had better leave me," she said, "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would do against my father. She looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door, but could not make good my escape without encountering Johanna.

"Well, Martin?" she said.

"It is all wrong," I answered. "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her."

"All the world will think you have behaved very badly," she said.

I rode home again, Sark lying in full view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia.

Four days passed without any sign from Julia. My father had gone off on a visit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her frettings, we enjoyed considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold tempest. I met cold glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion—my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women servants flouted at me.

CHAPTER XI.

One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in Jersey. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been sent for, but she reached the hotel in a separate car.

The landlady received us with a portentous face. Dr. Collas had spoken very seriously indeed of his patient, and as for herself, she had not the smallest hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

Captain Carey looked very much frightened. He was a man of quick sympathies, and nervous about his own life into the bargain, so that any serious illness alarmed him. As for myself, I was in a miserable condition of mind.

We were not admitted into my father's room for half an hour, as he sent word he must get up his strength for the interview. Julia and myself alone were allowed to see him. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows; the room darkened by Venetian blinds, and a dim green twilight prevailing, which cast a sickly hue over his really pallid face. His abundant white hair fell lankly about his head, instead of being in crisp curls as usual. I was about to feel his pulse for him, but he waved me off.

"No, my son," he said, "my recovery is not to be desired. I feel that I have nothing now to do but to die. It is the only reparation in my power. I would far rather die than recover."

I had nothing to say to that; indeed, I had really no answer ready, so amazed

was I at the tone he had taken. But Julia began to sob again, and pressed past me, sinking down on the chair by his side and laying her hand upon one of his pillows.

"Julia, my love," he continued feebly, "you know how I have wronged you; but you are a true Christian. You will forgive your uncle when he is dead and gone. I should like to be buried in Guernsey with the other Dobrees."

Neither did Julia answer, save by sobs. I stepped towards the window to draw up the blinds, but he stopped me, speaking in a much stronger voice than before.

"Leave them alone," he said. "I have no wish to see the light of day. A dishonored man does not care to show his face. I have seen no one since I left Guernsey, except Collas."

"I think you are alarming yourself needlessly," I answered. "You know you are fit to go about your own health. Let me prescribe for you. Surely I know as much as Collas."

"No, no, let me die," he said plaintively; "then you can all be happy. I have loved my only brother's only child, who was dear to me as my own daughter. I cannot hold up my head after that. I should die gladly if you two were but reconciled to one another."

By this time Julia's hand had reached his, and was resting in it fondly. I never knew a man gifted with such power over women and their susceptibilities as he had. My mother herself would appear to forget all her unhappiness, if he only smiled upon her.

"My poor, dear Julia!" he murmured; "my poor child!"

"Uncle," she said, checking her sobs by a great effort, "if you imagine I should tell any one—Johanna Carey even—what you have done, you wrong me. The name of Dobree is as dear to me as to Martin, and he is willing to marry a woman he detested in order to shield it. No, you are quite safe from disgrace as far as I am concerned."

"Heaven bless you, my own Julia!" he ejaculated fervently. "I knew your noble nature. But will you not be equally generous to Martin? Cannot you forgive him as you do me?"

"Uncle," she cried, "I could never, never marry a man who says he loves some one else more than me."

"I should think not, my girl!" he said, in a soothing tone; "but Martin will very soon repent. He is a fool just now, but he will be wise again presently. He has known you too long not to know your worth."

"Julia," I said, "I do know how good you are. You have always been generous, and you are so now. I owe you as much gratitude as my father does, and anything I can do to prove it I am ready to do this day."

"Will you marry her before we leave Jersey?" asked my father.

"Yes," I answered.

The word slipped from me almost unawares, yet I did not wish to retract it. She was behaving so nobly and generously towards us both that I was willing to do anything to make her happy.

"Then, my love," he said, "you hear what Martin promises. All's well that ends well. Only make up your mind to put your proper pride away, and we shall all be as happy as we were before."

"Never!" she cried indignantly. "I would not marry Martin here, hurriedly and furtively; no, not if you were dying, uncle!"

"But, Julia, if I were dying, and wished to see you united before my death," he insisted. "A sudden light broke upon me. It was an ingenious plot—one at which I could not help laughing, mad as I was. Julia's pride was to be saved, and an immediate marriage between us effected, under cover of my father's dangerous illness. I did smile, in spite of my anger, and he caught it, and smiled back again. I think Julia became suspicious, too."

"Martin," she said, sharpening her voice to address me, "do you think your father is in any danger?"

"No, I do not," I answered, notwithstanding his gestures and frowns.

"Then that is at an end," she said. "I was almost foolish enough to think that I would yield. You don't know what this disappointment is to me. Everybody will be talking of it, and some of them will pity me, and the rest laugh at me. I am ashamed of going out of doors anywhere. Oh, it is too bad; I cannot bear it."

She was positively writhing with agitation, and tears, real tears I am sure, started into my father's eyes.

"My poor little Julia!" he said; "my darling! But what can be done if you will not marry Martin?"

"He ought to go away from Guernsey," she sobbed. "I should feel better if I were quite sure I should never see him, or hear of other people seeing him."

"I will go," I said. "Guernsey will be too hot for me when all this is known."

"And, uncle," she pursued, speaking to him, not me, "he ought to promise me to give up that girl. I cannot set him free to go and marry her—a stranger and adventuress. She will be his ruin. I think, for my sake, he ought to give her up."

"So he ought, and so he will, my love," answered my father. "When he thinks of all we owe to you, he will promise you that."

I pondered over what our family owed to Julia for some minutes. It was truly a very great debt. Though I had brought her into perhaps the most painful position a woman could be placed in, she was generously sacrificing her just resentment and revenge against my father's dishonesty, in order to secure our name from blot.

On the other hand, I had no reason to suppose Olivia loved me, and I should do her no wrong. I felt that, whatever it might cost me, I must consent to Julia's stipulation.

"It is the hardest thing you could ask me," I said, "but I will give her up. On one condition, however; for I must not leave her without friends. I shall tell her if she ever needs help for Olivia she must apply to me through my mother."

"There could be no harm in that," observed my father.

"How soon shall I leave Guernsey?" I asked.

"He cannot go until you are well again, uncle," she answered. "I will stay here to nurse you, and Martin must take care of your patients. We will send him word a day or two before we return, and I should like him to be gone before we reach home."

(To be continued.)

The bird on a woman's hat has the wings of riches.

BECOMING A REPORTER

A Bit of Experience in the Life of an Immigrant to America.

Things enough happened to take down my self-esteem a good many pegs. It was about this time I made up my mind to go into the newspaper business. It seemed to me that a reporter's was the highest and noblest of all callings. No one could sift wrong from right as he, and punish the wrong. In that I was right. I have not changed my opinion on that point one whit, and I would rather die a good reporter than a millionaire. The power of fact is the mightiest lever of this or of any day. The reporter has his hand upon it, and it is his grievous fault if he does not use it well. I thought I would make a good reporter. My father had edited our local newspaper, and such little help as I had been to him had given me a taste for the business. Being of that mind, I went to the Courier office one morning and asked for the editor. He was not in. Apparently nobody was. I wandered through room after room, all empty, until at last I came to one in which sat a man with a pastepot and a pair of long shears. This must be the editor. He had the implements of his trade. I told him my errand while he clipped away.

"What is it you want?" he asked, when I had ceased speaking and waited for an answer.

"Work," I said.

"Work!" said he, waving he haughtily away with the shears. "We don't work here. This is a newspaper office."

I went, abashed. I tried the Express next. This time I had the editor pointed out to me. He was just coming through the business office. At the door I stopped him and preferred my request. He looked me over, a lad fresh from the shipyard, with horny hands and a rough coat, and asked:

"What are you?"

"A carpenter," I said.

The man turned upon his heel, with a loud, rasping laugh, and shut the door in my face. For a moment I stood there stunned. His ascending steps on the stairs brought back my senses. I ran to the door and flung it open. "You laugh!" I shouted, shaking my fist at him, standing half way up the stairs. "You laugh now, but wait!"—And then I got the grip of my temper and slammed the door in my turn. All the same, in that hour it was settled that I was to be a reporter. I knew it as I went out in the street.—Jacob Riis in The Outlook.

GONE TO BE A CELESTIAL BRIDE.

Death of Mrs. Brigham Young, "Eternity" Wife of Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Zina D. Young, the most noted of the wives of Brigham Young, the famous Mormon apostle, died recently at Salt Lake City, Utah.

She was born in Watertown, N. Y., in 1821, and at 15 became a convert to the doctrines of Mormonism, going directly to the settlement of Kirksland, Ohio. Here her devotion to her

MRS. ZINA D. YOUNG religion was so great that she was entrusted with a part of the mysteries of the temple. While there she told of a vision in which she had seen an angel and been invested with the "gift of tongues and interpretation," the power to speak in language used only by the chosen ones of God, and to understand this strange speech.

She married one of Smith's converts, and two children were born to them. She deserted them at Nauvoo, Ill., when Joseph Smith had a "revelation" that she had been set aside for him as wife for "time and eternity." She was sealed to the prophet as a plural wife, and was his favorite until he was killed by a mob in Illinois.

Brigham Young, who then had several wives, had a "revelation" that she should be sealed to him for "time." She followed Brigham Young in the eventful journey from Illinois to the Salt Lake valley in the late 40's. She trudged behind wagons, slept in tents, cooked for the travelers and bore many hardships, entering the "New Zion" with the first settlers. After the death of Brigham Young she lived in Salt Lake City. She was always an earnest advocate of polygamy.

Only four of the widows of Brigham Young now survive. They live in Salt Lake City.

Curiosity in Books.

The most remarkable book in the world so far as its appearance is concerned is neither written nor printed. It is in the Imperial Library of Paris and the letters are cut out of tissue paper with a pair of scissors. A sheet of blue tissue, in which the letters are cut, is placed between two pages of white, and so the matter is read.

Old Peruvian Roads.

The Incas of Peru built very fine roads, one system of which traversed the plateau, the other followed the seacoast north and south. The seacoast road is said to have been from 1,500 to 2,000 miles in length and twenty feet in breadth. Many portions of this magnificent system of roads are still fit for use.

Aids to German Trade.

Germany has now export commercial attaches at New York, Buenos Ayres, Constantinople and St. Petersburg. The services of these gentlemen, who are attached to the consulates general and not to the embassies, have proved very valuable to German trade interests.

Don't give hints; Remember that before a man will lend money he has to be asked for it boldly and prefers good security to good hints.

THE REPUBLIC.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
With all the hopes of future years,
With all the loves of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our fears, our doubts, our prayers, our tears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!
—Longfellow.

EXPRESSIVE PHRASES.

Those Which Foreigners Coming to America Learn to Use First.

What are the most expressive phrases in colloquial English? Of the dozens that slip off English speaking tongues in the course of a day some must be better suited for their purpose and more characteristic of the race that originated them than others. When foreigners come to this country, they catch certain expressions almost immediately and long before they can attempt to speak the language have made them part of their vocabulary. It would seem that these phrases must be the most expressive in English and that they are peculiar to the language and "fill a long felt want," since foreigners seize so eagerly upon them.

Every man or woman who lands in this country is saying, "Hurry up!" in two months. In whatever quarter of the city one may walk, Italian or German or Jewish, mothers will be dispatching their offspring on errands, using their native speech, but closing their orders with the magic "Hurry up!" How delightfully characteristic of the nation is the phrase! It is not to be wondered at that the newcomers from the slow moving old world find that they have brought over nothing to equal it.

"All right" rivals "hurry up," not because foreign tongues lack similar expressions, but because there is a jolly, half-fell well met air about "All right" lacking in other phrases of the same character. Then, too, "All right" takes the place not only of "Good," but of "Yes" and "I understand" and of a dozen other phrases which in other languages require separate expressions.

The third phrase, which alone shares the popularity of the first two, is, "It's nice." This should be interesting to purists who wish to restrict "nice" to its first and original meaning of "exact." No word of ancestry sufficiently aristocratic to please them takes the place of "nice" in its colloquial meaning, and foreigners clasp it with joy, wholly ignorant of the fact that they are outraging the feelings of anybody by so doing. Other phrases besides "Hurry up," "All right" and "It's nice" captivate the fancy of the newly landed, but these three reign supreme.—New York Tribune.

A Share in a Jewel.

There is a story told of a French servant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure."

"In what way?" said the duke.

"Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."—All the Year Round.

Ironmaking.

The first mention of ironmaking in Pennsylvania goes back to 1692. It is contained in a metrical composition entitled "A Short Description of Pennsylvania," by Richard Frame, which was printed and sold by William Bradford in Philadelphia in 1692. Frame says that at "a certain place about some forty pound" of iron had then been made.

Why a Woman is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances. Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to us, and our advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the U.S.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it cures her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Address Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn, Mass.

Banking a Japanese.

"J. P. G." was only an enlisted man in Uncle Sam's navy, but his messmates called him "the Swell" because whenever he went ashore he carried a suit of civilian's clothes. At Yokohama, in his fine raiment and a white felt hat, he passed himself off to a Japanese coal merchant as the paymaster of the fleet and contracted for several thousand tons of coal. The price named was \$14 a ton.

"What is my rake off?" he asked the dealer, who offered a generous commission. "Make the price sixteen dollars a ton and have — thousand tons ready for delivery at the earliest possible hour tomorrow morning," he said.

The merchant opened wine, and when thoroughly warmed up the sailor remarked, looking indolently at his watch: "By the bye, I'm expected to visit the club tonight, and it is probable that I may need a little more money than I have in my pocket. Perhaps you had better advance me three or four thousand dollars on account."

Of course he got what he wanted. Next morning the vessels were surrounded with scores of barges laden with coal, and it was all the officers could do to prevent the Japs from unloading their cargoes. The dealer dared say nothing, for he had entered into a conspiracy to defraud the government, so he pocketed his loss in silence.—New York Press.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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AND GET TOP PRICES.

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc. Sold by Druggists.

AFTER ALL

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep, and
heedless feet may fall;
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is a good
world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double,
The brave surpass the cowards, and the
leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never;
And somehow this old world remains a
bright world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close and
keep our hearts in thrall,
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is a
good world, after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith
through fogs and mists that call;
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth a
good world, after all.
—Woman's Home Companion.

AUNT JANE!

OUTLOOK not exactly entranc-
ing," ventured Fred North, as he
set his dress suit case on the un-
painted piazza floor, and gazed quizz-
ically at the paintless door in front of
him. "However," he continued, "am I
fleeing the conventionalities of the city
only to be abashed by the plain, un-
varnished truth of the country?"

"Is this Mrs. Morris?" he asked, as
the door swung open suddenly, reveal-
ing the kindly faced woman standing
on the threshold.

"Yes," she assented, "and this, I pre-
sume, is Mr. North. Come right in,"
she continued, hospitably. "Your room
is all ready for you."

A haven of rest it seemed to him in
its spotless purity, with the dainty
white curtains at the window blowing
gently in on the clover-scented breeze
from the meadow outside. Twenty min-
utes later found him striding delighted-
ly through that same meadow, when
he was startled to see rising, apparent-
ly from the ground in front of him, the
diminutive figure of a lad of 5 or 6
years. "Hello," called Fred, stopping
somewhat abruptly to avoid overturn-
ing the apparition. "Where did you
come from?" "Been hidin'," was the
laconic reply. "Who are you?" contin-
ued the piqued, squaring his toes so as
to still further impede progress in his
direction. "Fred North, at your ser-
vice," gravely answered that gentle-
man. "Might I venture to inquire your
own nomenclature and also the cause of
your seclusion from the haunts of men?"
Then as the blue eyes grew round in
puzzled bewilderment, he hastened to
add, "I mean, what is your name and
why were you hiding?"

"Bobbie, of course," was the answer.
"And I told you once I was hidin' from
Aunt Jane. Say," he continued, sud-
denly starting into motion, "let's get
down behind that big hay stack and
she can't find either of us."

Fred laughingly yielded to the tug at
his hand, but ventured to inquire:
"Why don't you like your Aunt
Jane?"

"Who says I don't like my Aunt
Jane?" demanded Bobbie, shaking his
hand free in sudden indignation.
"There she comes now, and I mean to
tell her just what you've said about
her!"

Fred gave a low whistle of mingled
amusement and surprise as Bobbie dis-
appeared in the long grass almost as
miraculously as he had previously ap-
peared. The rest of his walk was unin-
terrupted and he had full opportunity
to ruminate on the short diversion with
its abrupt termination.

"Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane," he murmur-
ed to himself, "tall, hard-faced, for-
bidding, ill-warranted. Poor little Bob-
bie! She must be a tartar to cause the
little fellow to hide in the grass from
her." Then he smiled at the thought of
Bobbie's wrath and sudden flight.

Two hours later he was returning to
the house in an opposite direction from
the one in which he started out, when,
making an abrupt turn into the or-
chard, he came suddenly upon his
young acquaintance of the morning.
The young man was not alone on this
occasion, however, for seated on the
grass, leaning against the gnarled
trunk of an old apple tree, was a young
girl of perhaps 19 or 20. Bobbie was
busted in bedecking his companion
with the products of the afternoon's
ramble, and had just stepped back to
admire his handiwork. Now, it must
be confessed that our hero was absorbed
in pretty much the same occupation
for the little, graceful figure of the girl,
surmounted by its well-poised head,
whose sunny locks were crowned with
a wreath of green leaves and bright
berries, formed a picture that any
young man of good taste might be par-
doned for admiring.

Bobbie was the first to spy the in-
truder, and his cry of "There he is,
Aunt Jane," brought the girl to her
feet with a bound that sent her be-
deckings to the four winds. Save for
her slightly heightened color, she be-
trayed no embarrassment as she came
directly toward Fred, saying, gravely:
"You are Mr. North. Mrs. Morris told
us this morning you were coming. We
—Bobbie and I—have been here nearly
a month."

"Those were the very words she said,
but Fred never knew it, for at the first
glance from those clear, gray eyes,
fringed with their long, dark lashes, his
heart had started to beating at such a
perilous rate that his mental faculties
could not keep up with it. He says he
has no recollection of eating any sup-
per, though he has of being at the table
and of hearing Mrs. Morris ask in some
bewildered manner: "Do you really prefer
syrup in your tea, Mr. North?"

The remaining three weeks of his vaca-
tion may be divided into three peri-
ods—the time he spent with Aunt
Jane, the time he didn't spend with
Aunt Jane, and the time he dreamed of
Aunt Jane. But all things must have
an end—even a three weeks' vacation
spent in tumultuous adoration at the
shrine of a pair of gray eyes. And so
Fred North found himself, on the last
afternoon of his vacation, with the
packing problem to solve, and an ani-
mated discussion to hold with the
young man who looked out at
him with close-shut mouth from the
four by four looking glass in his room.
The argument waxed hotter and Fred
shook his finger at the youth as he thus
apostrophized him: "You're a coward;
that's what you are. You don't dare
to go right out into the orchard now
and say: 'Aunt Jane, I love you.' Then
you would know your fate and this
horrible uncertainty would be over."

"Ah, but how would it be over?" con-
tinued the figure in the mirror. "Will
you risk losing her—by such unwar-
ranted precipitation? Will you? I
know what I'll do. I'll write her a let-
ter—but I won't send it. The writing
it will ease my mind, and then I'll take
the train straight back to Boston."

So, drawing a chair to the table in
front of the little window, whose cur-
tains swayed gently in the breeze as
they did on that first afternoon that
now seemed so very long ago, he be-
gan to write his letter. His pen flew
over the paper, but, rising at the end
of the third sheet to get a fresh pen,
the breeze came in a little more strong-
ly through the window, then, turning
frolicsome, it caught up the papers and
waited them gently but surely over the
sill and down to the ground beneath.

"Here, Bobbie," called Fred, leaning
anxiously over the sill, "bring those pa-
pers up here to me, will you?" The
frolicsome breeze seemed to have com-
municated its spirit of mischief to Bob-
bie, whose only answer to Fred's re-
quest was to make off with the papers
in an opposite direction.

"Bobbie, Bobbie, I say, what do you
mean? Bring those back this minute,
you scamp." A provoking wag of Bob-
bie's head for answer.

"They are your Aunt Jane's, Bobbie,"
called Fred as a last resort, a cold
sweat breaking out on him.

"I'll take 'em to her, then," answered
Bobbie, breaking into a run.

Down over the stairs dashed Fred,
only to see Bobbie's heels disappearing
in the direction of the orchard.

There was nothing to do but give
chase. A sudden turn brought him up
on much the same picture that had so
caught his fancy three weeks before,
only this time there was no crown on
the brown hair, and there was an unac-
customed flush on the averted face as
she rose to her feet and held out the
papers in a hand that trembled ever so
little.

"I didn't mean it for you," blurted
out Fred. Then as the figure straight-
ened, suddenly, "I mean, I did mean
it for you, only I didn't mean you to
see it. Oh, Lord!" muttered Fred to
himself, wiping his heated brow, "if I
don't untangle this skein pretty soon
I shall certainly hang myself in it."

"Aunt Jane," broke in Bobbie, sever-
ly, at this point, "aren't you 'shamed
to act so to Mr. North? If you don't
want his papers, why don't you give
'em back to him?"

"But if I do?" said Aunt Jane, turn-
ing half shyly, but tightening her grasp
on the papers in her hand. The world
reeled for a moment before Fred's eyes,
then he said in a voice that he tried
hard to steady, "Bobbie, if you will go
down by the brook and bring me the
knife I left there this morning I'll give
you a shiny silver dollar."

And Bobbie went.—Indianapolis Sun.

Troubles of a Lady Lecturer.

A certain lady lecturer tells two good
stories about herself.

"I was on tour through the provin-
ces," she says. "One night, as I ap-
peared on the platform in a small town,
the chairman introduced me to my au-
dience in the following way:
'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone,
the grand old man. Let me now intro-
duce to you the grand old woman.'"

"This was intended as a sincere com-
pliment."

"On another occasion a bluff old far-
mer, who boasted of his ability to look
on all sides of a question, announced
me as follows:
'This lady's come here to talk about
her rights,' he said. 'She's hired the
hall, and so she's got a right to be here,
and if any of you don't like what she's
got to say, you've got an equal right
to walk out in the middle on't.'"—Lon-
don Tid-Bits.

The Tricks of Trade.

Mr. Jacksing—Ye see dat pomperous
lookin' gen'l'mun 'cross de street? Dat
am Cuhnel Snowball, de riches' gen'l'e-
mun in Dahkville.

Mr. Johnsing—Shoh! you don't say!
Whah'd he git dat money?

Mr. Jacksing—Manufacturing face
powdah, sah. An' (confidently) to tell
de bones' troof I inspec' dat de hull
proposition of dat powdah am nuthin'
moh dan powdahed chahcoah, sah.—De-
troit Free Press.

Girls are indulging in so many
healthful sports of late that a dog be-
longing to a girl has almost as good a
time as if he belonged to a boy.

Carried Further.

Not long ago a lady was giving a lec-
ture. Her subject was the human fig-
ure and the requirements in the way of
proportion for beauty. She herself was
of generous—one may say unwieldy—
size, and her manner was supercilious
and lofty. She was trying to demon-
strate the relative sizes of the limbs as
they really ought to be.

"For example," said she, "twice
round my thumb"—she held it up—
"once round my wrist; twice round my
wrist, once round my neck; twice
round my neck, once round my waist."
Here she paused, and a shrill voice
from the audience exclaimed:
"Twice round your waist, once
around Hyde park!"

The lecturer hastily passed on to an-
other branch of the subject.—London
Answers.

His Preference.

"Would you rather have something
else than a piece of pie?" asked the
kind neighbor of little Freddie, who
had run an errand for her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Freddie prompt-
ly. "I would rather have two pieces."—
Ohio State Journal.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic
because the formula is plainly printed on every
bottle showing that it is simply iron and quin-
ine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

The love of pleasure betrays us into pain;
and many a man through love of fame, becomes
infamous.

A BALD NEWSPAPER MAN.

Getting a New Crop of Hair, and Has No
More Dandruff.

Everybody in the Northwest knows Col.
Daniel Searles, the veteran journalist and
publisher of Butte, Jan. 10, 1900, the Col-
onel writes: "I used a couple of bottles of
Newbro's Herculicide with marvelous re-
sults. The dandruff disappeared, a new
crop of hair has taken root, and the bald
spot is rapidly being covered." Herculicide
is the only hair preparation that kills the
dandruff germ that digs up the scalp in
scales as it burrows its way to the root of
the hair, where it destroys the vitality of
the hair, causing the hair to fall out. Kill
the dandruff germ with Herculicide.

Mistress—"What I want is an active girl."
Applaud—"Then I think I'll just suit you.
I've moved about a good deal of late—been in
twelve different places in six months."

The Best Prescription for Malaria.
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Taste-
less Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quin-
ine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Many a sweetly-favored mouth has been
disgusted and made hideous by the fiery ton-
gue within it.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness
after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve
Restorer. Send for FREE 23 trial bottle and treat-
ise. Dr. R. H. Kline, 161 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

He—"Our relatives gave us an awfully ugly
leaf of brutal presents." She—"Yes, they did;
and if we had a rummage sale it would be just
like them to come."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the
country than all other diseases put together,
and until the last few years was supposed to be
incurable. For a great many years doctors pro-
nounced it a local disease, and prescribed local
remedies, and by continuing to fail to cure with
local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science
has proven catarrh to be a constitutional
disease, and therefore requires constitu-
tional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, man-
ufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is
the only constitutional cure on the market. It
is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to
teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and
mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one
hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure.
Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"That was a beautiful fan Dorothy bought
you." "Yes; I thought so, too, until I found
out it was marked sixpence-halfpenny."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup the best remedy to use for their
children during the teething period.

He—"Do you think your father would be
willing to help me in the future?" She—"Well,
I heard him say that he felt like kicking you
into the middle of next week."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
S. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A client remarked to his solicitor—"You are
writing my bill on very rough paper, sir."
"Never mind," was the reply, "it has to be filed
before it comes into court."

The Small of the Back

That is where some people feel
weak all the time.

They are likely to be despondent
and it is not unusual to find them
borrowing trouble as if they hadn't
enough already.

The fact is their kidneys are
weak, either naturally or because
of sickness, exposure, worry or
other influences.

"I am thankful to say," writes J. L. Camp-
bell, of Sycamore, Ill., "that Hood's Sarsapa-
rilla has cured me. For many years I was
troubled with backache. At times I was so
bad I had to be helped from the bed or chair.
I am now well and strong and free from pain."
What this great medicine did for him it has
done for others.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the
promise. Begin treatment with
Hood's today.

OLIVES—Best Pickle
"GREENBANK" PURE. 100 per cent
CAUSTIC POTASH AND POWDERED CAUSTIC
SODA.

T. W. JACKSON & CO.
Sole Agents.

123 California Street, S. F., Cal.

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TURKEYS AND PRODUCE

—TO—

Chas. Jacobson & Co.,

N. E. Cor. Front and Clay, San Francisco.

SYRUP OF FIGS

IS
AN EXCELLENT FAMILY LAXATIVE—
IT IS REFRESHING TO THE TASTE
AND ACTS
PLEASANTLY AND GENTLY.
IT ASSISTS ONE
TO OVERCOME HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY

With many millions of families Syrup of Figs has become the
ideal home laxative. The combination is a simple and wholesome
one, and the method of manufacture by the California Fig Syrup
Company ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product,
which have commended it to the favorable consideration of the
most eminent physicians and to the intelligent appreciation of all
who are well informed in reference to medicinal agents.

Syrup of Figs has truly a laxative effect and acts gently with-
out in any way disturbing the natural functions and with perfect
freedom from any unpleasant after effects.

In the process of manufacturing, figs are used, as they are
pleasant to the taste, but the medicinally laxative principles of the
combination are obtained from plants known to act most bene-
ficially on the system.

To get its beneficial effects—
buy the genuine—Manufactured by

California Fig Syrup Co.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE

**Stops the Cough
and Works Off the Cold.**
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold
in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Do good to him who does you evil, and by
this means you will gain the victory over him.

**Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an infalli-
ble medicine for coughs and colds.**—N. W.
SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

When in doubt use Wizard Oil for
pain; both suffering and doubt will van-
ish. Your doctor and druggist know it.

We may owe it to our enemies to forgive; we
owe it to ourselves not to forget.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 31st.—After investi-
gating Garfield Tea, which is quite uni-
versally acknowledged to be the best family
remedy, it is not difficult to explain its
success—it is the medicine for GOOD RE-
SULTS. It is manufactured here by the
Garfield Tea Co. in their new and attrac-
tive laboratory and is made wholly from
simple, sweet, and vital health-giving
HERBS. Garfield Tea is the ORIGINAL
herb cure for constipation and sick head-
ache.

Innocence is like an umbrella; he who once
loses it never sees it again.

Self-control, steady nerves and Gilt Edge
Whiskey are the best of friends. Try it.
Wehman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco,
Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

the remedy that cures a cold in one day

ALL DRUGGISTS.

10c. 25c. 50c.

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Trials of a Lecturer.

A well known English woman lec-
turer tells these stories at her own ex-
pense:

"I was," she says, "on a tour through
the provinces, and one night as I ap-
peared on the platform in a small town
the chairman introduced me to my au-
dience in the following way: 'You have
heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old
Man. Let me now introduce to you the
grand old woman.' This was in-
tended as a sincere compliment."

"On another occasion a bluff old far-
mer, who boasted of his ability to look
on all sides of a question, announced
me as follows: 'This lady's come here
to talk about her rights,' he said. 'She's
hired the hall, and so she's got a right
to be here, and if any of you don't like
what she's got to say you've got an
equal right to walk out in the middle
on't.'"

E. H. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

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TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

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—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.